

1943

1945

NORMANDY



NORTHERN FRANCE



ARDENNES



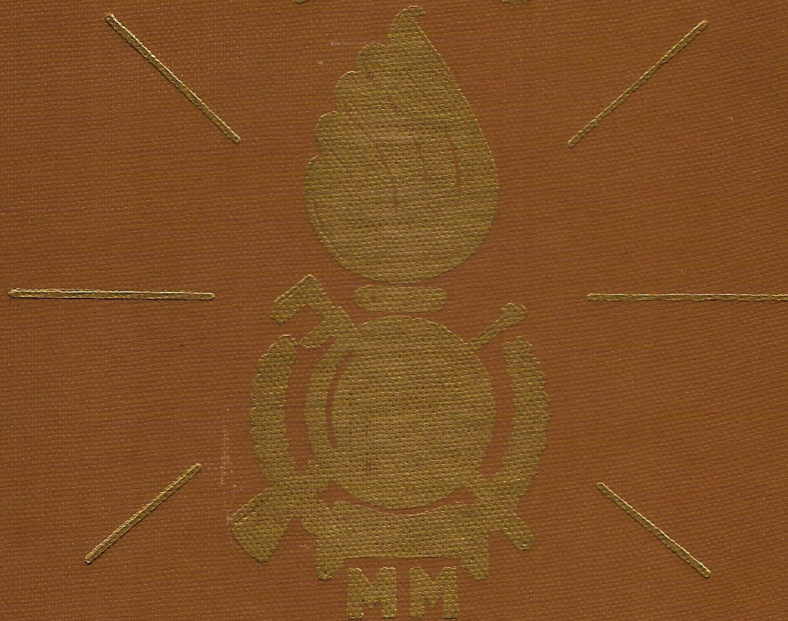
RHINELAND



CENTRAL EUROPE



128



COMPANY

HISTORY

THE
ONE HUNDRED TWENTY-EIGHTH
ORDNANCE MEDIUM MAINTENANCE
COMPANY HISTORY

1943 - 1945

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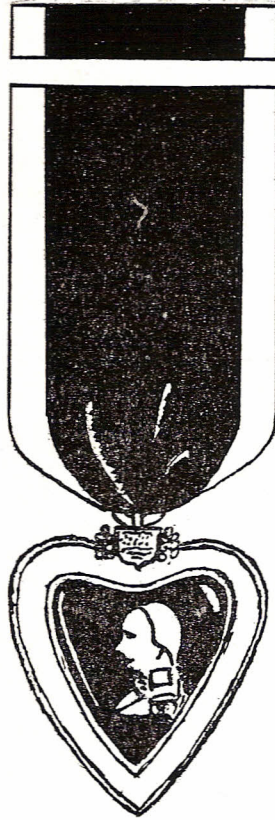
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DEDICATION

*To the memory of our buddies who
have paid the supreme sacrifice for their
country, we respectfully dedicate this book.*



Purple Hearts were awarded to:

1st LT. WILLIAM E. DUNSON, (Posthumously)

T-3 DANIEL A. RICHARDS, (Posthumously)

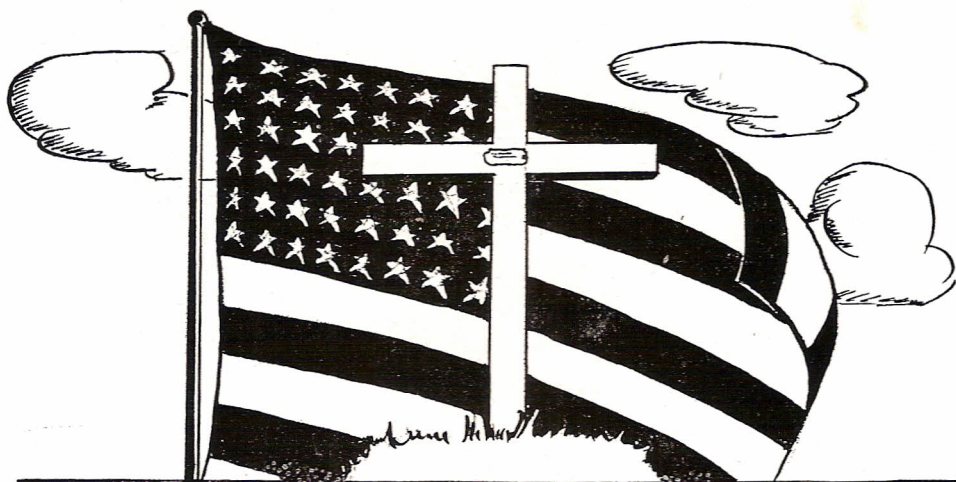
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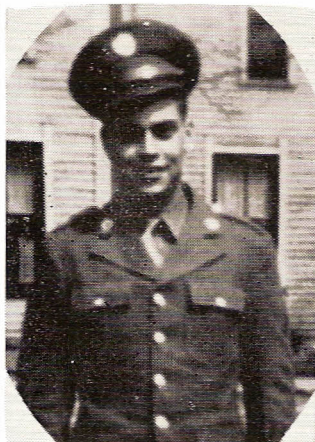
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WILLIAM DUNSON



ORVILLE SARVER



DANIEL RICHARDS



CHARLES BOWERS



CAPTAIN GEORGE E. LIEN

TO THE MEN OF THE 128th

I have been happy to see our company history grow to be one of the best jobs the company has put out. I know everyone of us will take pride in it as a sample of our work. Thanks to the publication committee we shall always have a store of memories to help us look back to the life and friendships in the 128th.

As commanding officer I have been proud of the company and proud of its every achievement, but I owe all of its success to each one of you men who worked to make the team and the teamwork that made the company a success. You can tell of that success in the words of the Meritorious Service Award as well as in the praises of the many units you have serviced, but perhaps you can take most pride in knowing that throughout the job you did your best.

As this history grows older remember to hold up the freedoms we have fought for that those men who went down fighting with us may rest in peace.

Best luck to all of you for a happy and prosperous future and the continuation of our 128th friendships.

Sincerely yours,

George E. Lien



"To the 128th Ordnance MM Company for meritorious service in superior performance of duty servicing ordnance equipment in the hands of combat troops. Throughout this period the conduct of the company was in keeping with the high traditions of the military service."

CAMP MCCOY, WISCONSIN

The 128th Ordnance Medium Maintenance Company was activated by War Department order on the 30th of January, 1943, at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin. First Lt. George E. Lien and 23 enlisted men from the 47th Ordnance Medium Maintenance Company, Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, comprised the cadre. They were busy for two weeks shoveling snow, cleaning barracks, and getting many other things in order before any help arrived.

The organization began to grow with the arrival of Lt. Wiley, Lt. Stechmiller, Lt. Ulrich, Lt. Dahlin, and Lt. Hubbell. Then after much anticipation, 162 recruits arrived on February 22nd, directly from the reception centers at Fort Mayes, Ohio, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, Camp Perry, Ohio, and Fort Thomas, Kentucky.

The cadre in its most dignified manner met the rookies at the train about midnight in cold blustering weather. It was hard to believe that you were only in Wisconsin and not Alaska. One very green rookie (namely Joe Kennedy) the next day was running around seemingly comfortable until he looked at the thermometer—20 below. Quartermaster trucks carried us to our brand new barracks which still had wood shavings on the floor. First Sergeant Rush gave us a briefing, and told us we would be permitted to sleep until 8:00 in the morning. It must have been 2:30 in the morning before we got our cots arranged and got to bed. We got up promptly at 8:00, and at 9:00 got our first taste of the company cooks' chow, including eggs, coffee and cereal.

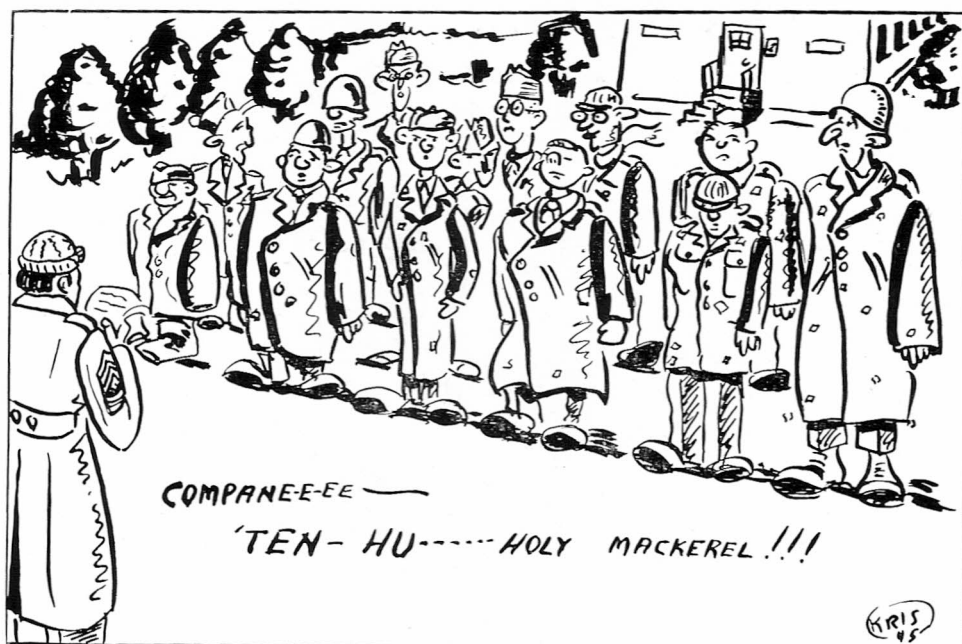
Early the following morning the company plunged into an intensive program of basic military training consisting of drill, exercise, lectures, movies, more lectures and field programs.

Almost everybody still looked like a civilian, and when it came to marching, the company looked as if it were skipping down the road. There was one fellow they called "Tangle Foot", because his feet were so big. Despite these difficulties our training was broken only by an occasional quarantine for one thing and an-

other. First it was the usual routine quarantine. We had a breathing spell for a few days before we went into quarantine with the measles, and then Earl Morton was the wise guy who took spinal meningitis. After three or four successive weeks in quarantine we finally were let out for a night of enjoyment, at the P. X. or the post movie, or a pass to the Twin Cities. But all the company came through basic training in good shape, even taking honors at the Friday review on one occasion.

Following the basic training came the study of Ordnance Technical subjects and the break-down of the company into sections. Our technical training was the more interesting part. We were put into different sections; namely, Automotive, Recovery, Small Arms, Artillery, Instrument, Supply, Service, and Headquarters. In the six weeks of technical training we worked hard and learned many phases of Ordnance work. The company was soon humming smoothly getting materiel in shape.

On the ninth of May 1943, the military test was conducted by Colonel Rising, Ordnance Officer, 2nd U. S. Army. But training did not stop here; it went right ahead with a physical fitness test in which half of the company marched four miles with full field equipment in the record time of 43 minutes, after a warm-up of races, burpees, obstacles and push-ups. For this feat Captain Lien treated the entire company to cokes. Other highlights of the training were the infiltration course, the rifle and carbine firing courses, air shows on identification of friendly aircraft, and field exercises on defense against air attack. Night convoys were a weekly event, and many weeks were spent in field operations in bivouac areas of the old camp. One bivouac installation was inspected by Brigadier General Randolph of the 2nd U. S. Army Headquarters. Contributing greatly to the technical skill of the company was a large number of men who went to Ordnance schools all over the country from Aberdeen, Maryland to Santa Anita, California; and from Detroit, Michigan to Atlanta, Georgia.



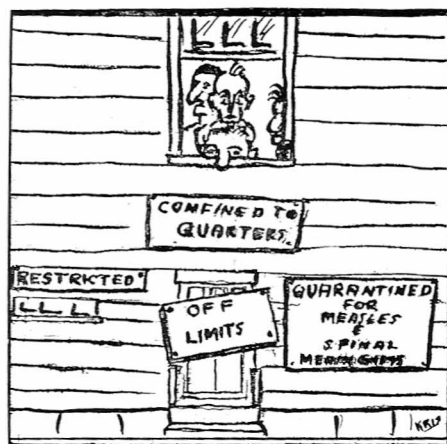
THE FIRST FORMATION

The maintenance load of the company soon reached capacity after technical training was completed. Units serviced at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin included Second Infantry Division, 44th Engineer Battalion and 76th Infantry Division. Also serviced were the 602 and 808 Tank Destroyer Battalions, 467th Engineer Battalion, 487th Quartermaster Truck Regiment, and 476th Quartermaster Truck Regiment. The shop area was inspected in August by Lt. General Leslie McNair, Chief of Army Ground Forces.

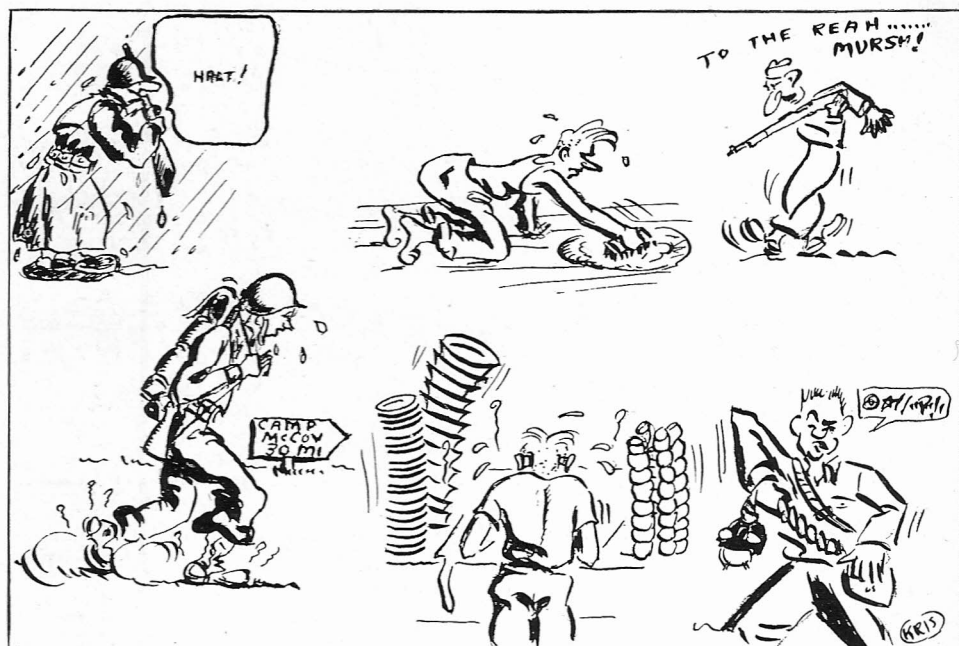
In sports the company excelled and held top place in the baseball and softball leagues. Weekly dress parades were held both by the Ordnance Battalion under Major House and by the Special Troops, Headquarters 2nd Army, under Colonel Robert Davis. This company owes a debt of gratitude and respect for the guidance and leadership Colonel Davis gave us during our training under his direction. Not to be forgotten in the training background were Lt. Colonel Berkey, Major House and Major Bandy.

After many months of hard work,

study, and eventful evenings, (such as the party for the W. A. C.; the company dance at the service club;) we were told to ready ourselves for movement. This done, on the 13th of November 1943, we left old Camp McCoy for a two train ride to Camp Campbell, Kentucky.



SHUT INS



BASIC TRAINING

TRIP TO CAMP CAMPBELL

Leaving Camp McCoy by train with full equipment required considerable preparation. All the trucks had to be lashed down with wire and rope. This, of course took several days to do. Not unlike other military train rides everyone was in uniform with full field packs and those over-weighted barracks bags.

The chow house was operated by G. G., and located in an old freight car to the forward. Fortunately for everyone, paper plates were used, but seldom did you get back to the rear without losing half of your chow going between coaches.

One of the funniest stories told by one of the fellows was about a crap game that went on almost continually. Coming from the North and going down South had

a marked effect on the boys. It seemed that the closer the train got to Kentucky the MO SOOTHERN accent they picked up. Until finally you all just couldn't hardly understand the boys at all.

There was also a decisive change in the weather and soil. None of us will ever forget how cold it was at Camp McCoy. It was just starting to snow and getting colder, so getting to a warmer climate wasn't bad at all. But it's hard to say which was worse, the sand blowing in your face or the red clay sticking to your shoes.

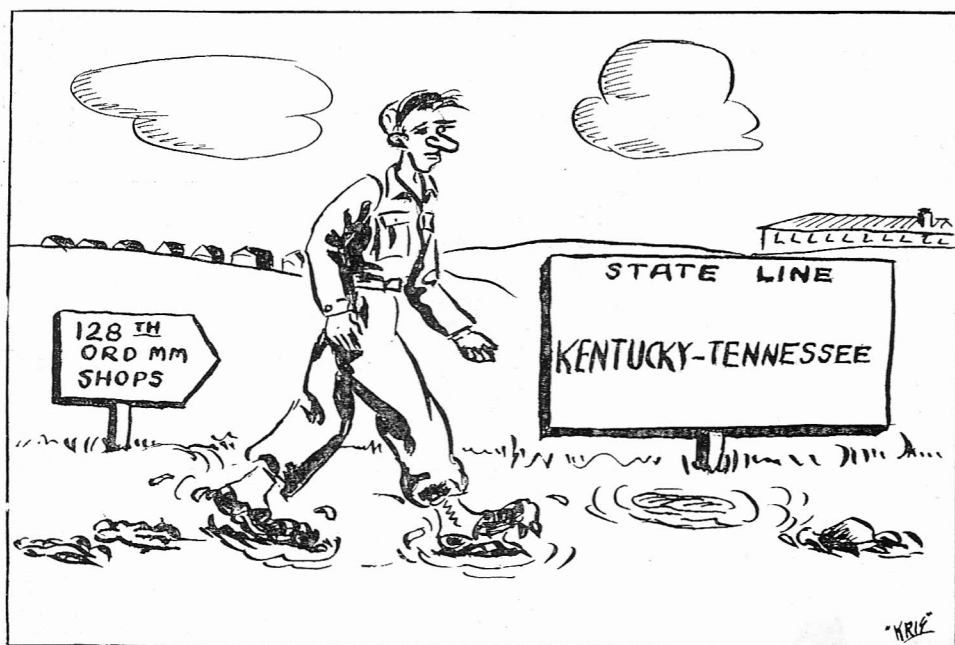
The train stopped frequently en route, and it was here that the guard was kept busy running to the back of the train checking all the vehicles to see if the rigging was still holding. However the trip was made without mishap.

LIFE AT CAMP CAMPBELL

Arriving at Camp Campbell late in the afternoon, we found our barracks and prepared to settle down in them. But we found these barracks in far from good condition. Unlike the ones we had in Camp McCoy, these were dirty, dusty and needed a good scrubbing. So the first few days at Campbell were spent in cleaning our living quarters, which after being cleaned, were very comfortable.

Division, 40th Signal Construction Battalion, and the 1000th Engineer Treadway Bridge Battalion.

One oddity of this camp was that our barracks were in Kentucky and our shops in Tennessee. But being a Campbell proved a pretty good deal for quite a few of the fellows. It gave a lot of us chances to get home on week-end passes. Of course the train situation wasn't any too good.



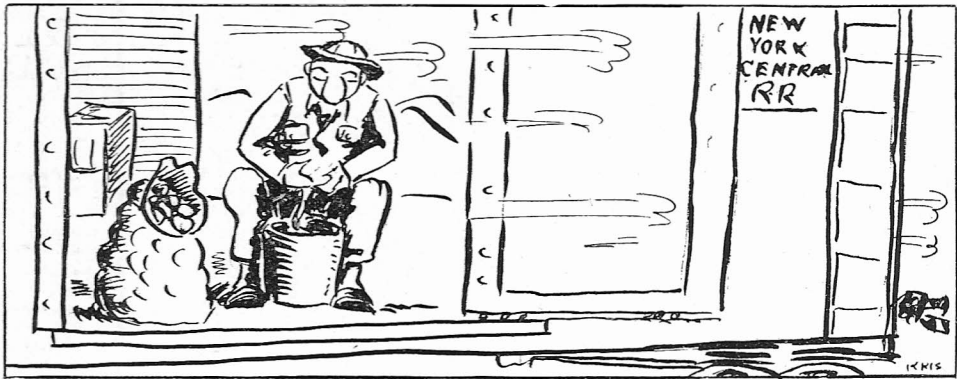
KENTUCKY CLAY

Our life here at Camp Campbell continued in much the same way as it did at Camp McCoy. Our training was a bit intensified with more hikes, gas chambers, map problems, rifle courses, and setting up machine gun anti-aircraft crews, who received training firing at radio controlled airplanes. Our maintenance end was kept going as strong as ever. Our new assignments at Campbell were the 26th Infantry

One train, for instance, took 12 hours to go 310 miles. A bit boring but you forgot all about that when you reached your destination. Christmas time was approaching us fast. Then we got good news that we were going to get seven day furloughs. We were happy in a way, and unhappy in another way because we skew what these furloughs meant. After spending seven lovely days at home we came back to

camp and back to army life which now consisted of showdown after showdown inspections. We were certain now that we were on our way overseas. We all received what new clothing and equipment we needed to take with us. Then came the order to get ready to move. Packing our bags and putting our packs on we left our

barracks which for some unknown reason we could not enter again. Our train was not due for a good many hours yet, so we were marched to the camp theater to see a double feature movie. The movie over, we marched about two miles to the train station where we waited impatiently for our train.



"DEJECTED"

TRIP TO CAMP KILMER

On February 2, 1944, the company departed by rail to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, staging area for the New York Port of Embarkation. We did not know however, what our destination was until we got there. We departed from Camp Campbell and didn't reach the main line until after dark. We, therefore, couldn't see the names of the large towns we were going through. When morning came we were all pretty well concerned as to the direction our train had gone during the night. Our anticipation was greatly relieved, by means of the grapevine that Sgt. Nichols had a map and compass and had stayed up most of the night charting the course the train was taking. The ultimate outcome of his findings weren't very encouraging as he had found us to be going toward New Orleans. Naturally, the rumors started to formulate all over again, with some taking us from New Orleans

through the Panama Canal to Australia, while others said that we were headed for Africa. The whole thing, however, was not found to be fool-proof, as some of the names of the towns we passed through became familiar to some of the boys on the train. We were soon informed that those towns were in Tennessee and Virginia. To think that Nichols was a non-com who we were to rely on to chart our course on the battlefield!

As we were traveling by Pullman we had a porter assigned to each car, and they took good care of us. One by the name of George would come through every so often singing "Hit That Line, Oh, Boy, Oh, Boy!" As we were pulling up close to Camp Kilmer, the civilians stood in front of their homes waving and shouting at us. We didn't know where we were going, but those people did.

CAMP KILMER, NEW JERSEY—P. O. E.

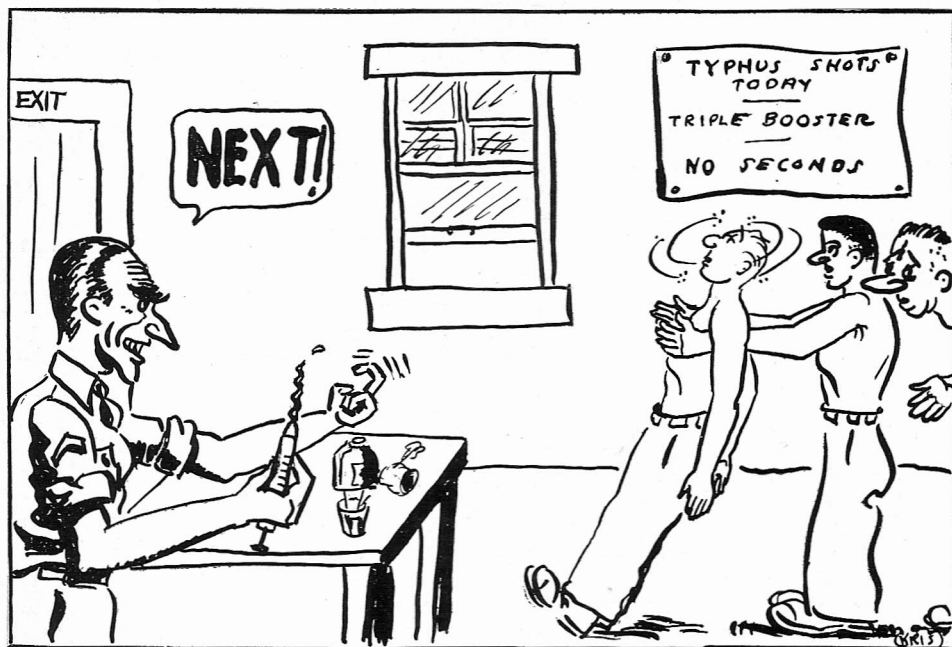
As the train stopped at Camp Kilmer, the end of the line, we were rather glad to get out and stretch. Immediately, we were in company formation with full field pack, ready to join the endless columns of G. I.'s who, in a short while, would be on their way to various parts of the world.

Upon the arrival at our new barracks, we were assigned to our bunks. We lost no time shedding our packs to enjoy a short break before dashing to the showers. The shower room was filled "toute suite" with grimy Joes working up lathers to remove the B. O., Kentucky clay, and cinders.

Feelin' better, we made up our beds and relaxed, batting the breeze about our unknown destination. We were going from Iceland to Africa to England, even to the Pacific via the Panama Canal—so the talk went. Gradually we dozed off amid the flood of latrine rumors.

During the next few days we were busy practicing "Abandon Ship," listening to boring lectures, sweating out Signal Corps movies, receiving equipment we never heard of before, and discarding our favorite cannon towels, garrison belts, and many other personal articles. Quite frequently each night our leisure time and sleep were interrupted in order to issue us new items of equipment such as socks or handkerchiefs. New type gas masks were issued and drills were held—well, only two drills to be exact.

Our brief stay there was made more enjoyable with good chow, our best since induction, and passes to the Big City of New York and to surrounding towns and cities. This being the first time for many of us to visit the Night Spots of the world, we took advantage of the many means to celebrate our last few days in the good old U. S. A.



THE BOOSTER SHOT

PHYSICAL EXAM

Our physical exam was taken in what we'd call a refrigerator. Naked as jay birds we filed through the stalls with mouths open and teeth chattering; knees knocking about 50 m. p. h. Brother, what a tough exam! A major looked down one end and a captain up the other. If you were able to put your clothes on and fall out—you were as good as overseas. All

of our fellows were fit because no one was exempted.

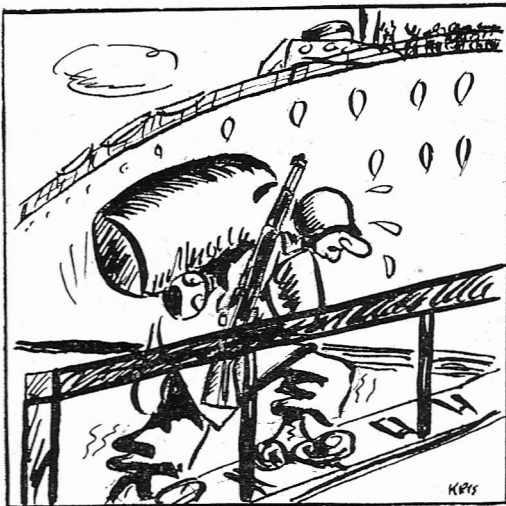
On February 9th, half of the company boarded the boat and on February 10th, the other half came aboard. However, before climbing aboard a real treat was in store for us when the American Red Cross passed out cigarettes, coffee, and doughnuts.

THE BOAT TRIP TO IRELAND

After an hour or so of impatient waiting, we finally were told to load aboard ship. So, just about stumbling up the gang plank, with full pack and barracks bag, we gave our names and were assigned our bunks. It was a wonderful relief to shed our packs, and flop on our bunks, (a piece of canvas supported by a couple of chains). After much moving and shuffling around we were all aboard and wait-

ing for the start of the trip. However, our trip was not to start as soon as we thought. We lay in the dock for a day, spending our time, eating, sleeping, battling the breeze, and on top side watching work in the harbor.

The order came for us to go to our compartment, and stay there until notified. Now we knew we were about to shove off. Suddenly, we felt the ship moving. This was it—leaving America, for who knows where, and when we would return, God only knows. We were pulled out into the harbor by two small tugs, and when we were a considerable distance from the dock, our ship's motors were started and we began to move under our own power.



WALKING THE PLANK

We were then allowed to go top side, and there was a rush for the ladders, everyone wanting to get a last glimpse of good old America. To our disappointment a blizzard had started, and we could see nothing but snow and water. Feeling sort of cheated, we returned to our quarters and hit the sack, (bed). After a few hours of rolling around in our beds, most of us began to feel a little sick

and for the next two or three days stayed sick. It was a sight to see so many men, pale and green from seasickness.

The next morning, the blizzard was over, and we all made for the top deck. To our amazement, all we could see for miles were ships, spread in vast convoy form. Our position was on the outside corner, and we learned that this position was termed "coffin corner" by the sailors. We had a rendezvous point, and after all of the ships finally met there we started the long voyage. This convoy was the largest convoy to leave the states up until this time. Besides troop ships and transports, which were mostly English, the convoy consisted of a score of destroyers, three flat tops, and a battle ship, namely the

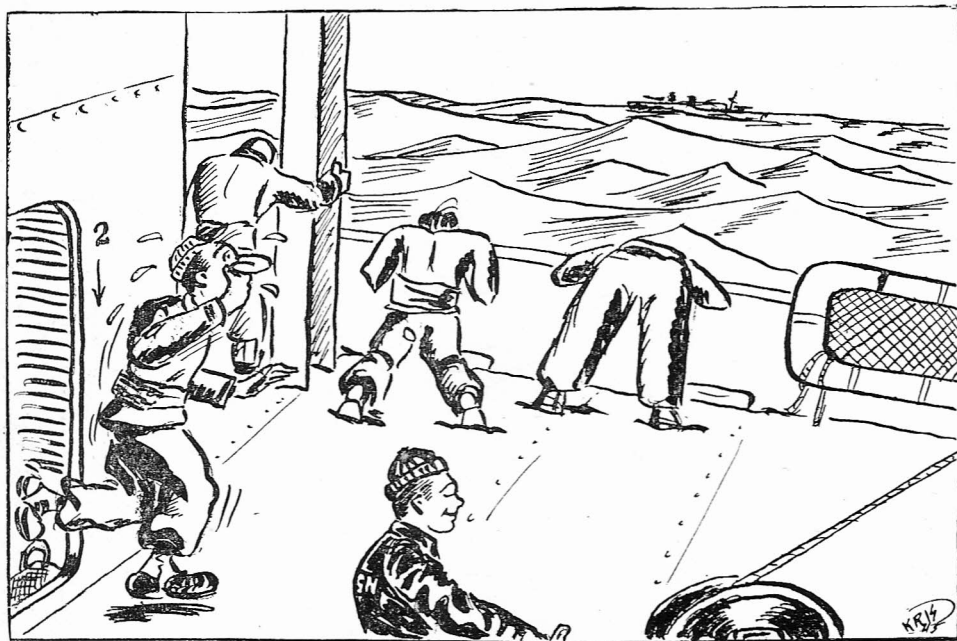
Nevada. So you see we felt secure seeing all this protection. However, there was still that feeling of what could, but we all hoped wouldn't happen.

For those of us who could hold it down, our chow was exceptionally good, as we were fortunate to be aboard an American ship, the Thomas Jefferson, formerly the President Garfield of the Dollar Line.

One amusing incident that occurred on this voyage was the day the sailors were showing us the "Sea Bat". It was a

burning after six. So this became the popular place after that time. Everyone played cards and dice, and make-shift bands, composed of fellows that brought instruments with them, made the rafters ring.

Altogether the trip was uneventful except for the rough water which we had just about all the way across. However, ship's gun crews stood in readiness for any aggressive actions. After what seemed like a month at sea, we all became a little tired of the trip, and were all eager for the first glimpse of land. This came on the



FEEDING THE FISH

trick of course. They held a can on the deck, and when you bent over to see the bat, which wasn't there, you got a good whack with a club. You didn't see the bat, but you sure felt it. One of the victims of this trick was Captain Lien, our C. O.

During the days on this trip, we were made to stay top side for two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon, and although the lights were on during the day, there were no lights below or above deck after six o'clock in the evening. The ship's mess hall was the only place aboard ship where lights were

night of February 21st, about 1030, when we saw the lighthouse.

Early in the morning of February 22nd, two tugs came out to meet us and pull us into dock. We were pulled into the docks at Belfast, Ireland. Here we packed our things and prepared to eat our last meal aboard ship. The meal turned out to be an elaborate affair, with chicken, and all the trimmings, including ice cream. The meal over and everything packed we marched down the gang plank onto Irish soil, a good feeling after being at sea for eleven days.

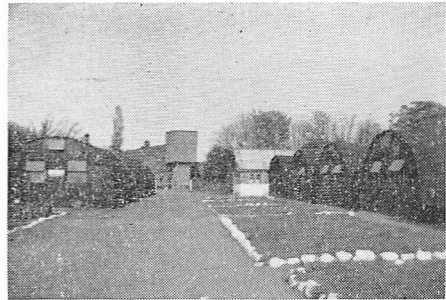
LIFE IN IRELAND

We marched from the docks to a long line of lorries that were waiting to take us to the train station. After loading into the lorries we started off to the station. Our train ride was a short but restful one. Waiting for us again, at the end of the train ride, were trucks that took us to our camp. We arrived at the camp in pitch darkness, and because of this darkness we didn't have the slightest idea what the place looked like, except that our living quarters were Niessen huts. Our first night's stay here will long be remembered. It was an awfully cold night, and for beds we had a few wooden slats with a straw filled bag, that had as many humps in it as a camel's back. There were stoves in the huts, but nothing to burn in them. After a few hours it got so cold that everyone started using their wooden beds for firewood. It was a very costly fire because of the scarcity of wood in Ireland. These beds cost something like \$18.00 apiece. When morning came, there were very few beds left. In fact, during the night some of the fellows took the boards from a buddy's bunk, and he awoke in the morning sleeping on one narrow board.

When morning finally came, we all went out to have a look at the surrounding country, and the rest of the camp. We

soon learned that we were in the center of a large race track, the name of which was Maze Race Course. It was very beautiful country, and we also found that we were not many miles from the towns of Lisburn and Belfast.

We spent most of our time here cleaning the camp up, painting our huts, making a shower room in a stable, and laying out a large motor pool. At this job we crushed rocks for about a week until finally we had a well filled motor park. It wasn't long until our camp was a nice

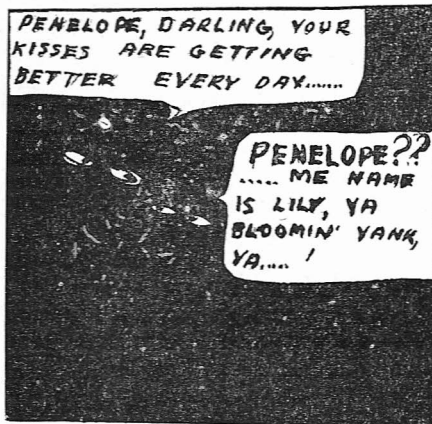


VIEW OF MAZE CAMP

comfortable little place. Even General Patton and General Haislip, who came to inspect our company and area, gave us a great many compliments on the camp.

Passes were plentiful here, and the three most popular towns were Lisburn, Hillsborough and Belfast. The first night in these towns you could hear the voices of hundreds of people, but you couldn't see them. We soon became accustomed to the blackout.

Drinks were a little on the scarce side and expensive. Scotch amounted to something like \$16 or \$20 a quart. Guinness, ale and Scotch ale were more popular. More liked than any other beverage to an Irishman or Englishman was his "taylor" and then too there were rum cocktails and



BELFAST BLACKOUT



LIFE IN A NIESSEN HUT

wine. We shall never forget their traditional "fish and chips" which were very good.

We found that Northern Ireland was a very enjoyable place to stay. It reminded us of the States in many ways. The company's morale was high at all times, mostly because of the passes and excellent recreation facilities. Each week there were plays at the Opera House, stage shows at the Hippodrome and movies at several theaters, including the Ritz in Belfast. To our astonishment, smoking



PAY DAY IN IRELAND

was allowed in the theaters. The American Red Cross Club in Belfast was one of the best and was open to soldiers, sailors and marines alike. Just up the street from the A. R. C. was the famous "Square". Among the interesting places visited in Ireland were Bellvue Park in Belfast, Down Patrick, where St. Patrick is buried, and Carrick Fergus Castle, a stone fort structure hundreds of years old. Several fellows made frequent visits to the nearby Limey airfields. One in particular, the Longcash Airfield, had movies, a NAFFI and plenty of Waafs.

Located on the race track was the 79th Ordnance Battalion and the 3510th MAM Ordnance. We acted as one big happy family, enjoying the same PX, day-room, movies and ball games. We sometimes had joint parties and dances. Not far down the road was an Orange Hall where dances and various entertainment were held.

The cooks, having little success with powdered eggs at that time, drove the fellows into buying eggs. Two or three dozen eggs were devoured in a single night. For a while we had only one basket of coal to burn per night, so most of us went to bed early or went on pass.

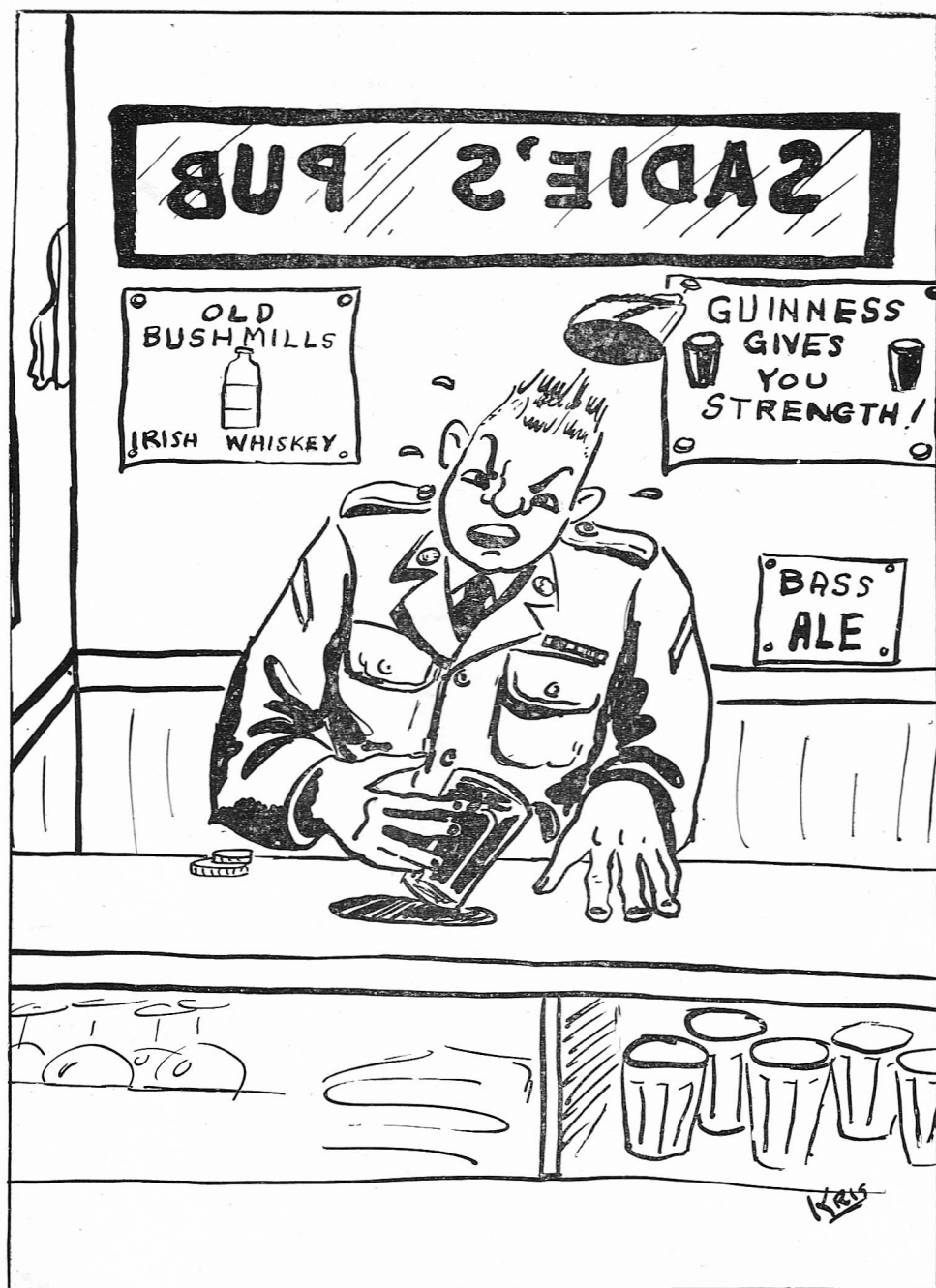
Little can be said about our training since it consisted largely of hikes, drill, calisthenics and police up details. None of us will ever forget those dreaded I. G. inspections by Colonel "Fieldjack-e's". Further training in waterproofing vehicles was received by some men at the Vehicle Maintenance School of Northern Ireland.

Winding up our short but unforgettable stay in Ireland, we readied ourselves for the boat trip to England. Step by step we were getting closer to the war. An advance party was sent to England by way of Scotland. A few days later the vehicles and drivers were loaded aboard L. S. T.'s, and arrived at Swansea, Wales. They convoyed on to England to our new home. The remainder of the company boarded the American troop transport "Goethals" at Belfast. The ship was filled with all kinds of troops, including half a hundred nurses. Encountering excellent sailing weather, the trip took only two days with nobody feeding the fish.



MEET THE GANG

Our ship awaited high tide, anchoring before dark, and not docking until late at night in the port of Bristol, England.



FIRST GUINNESS AT THE LOCAL PUB

SPRING COMES TO ENGLAND

"And what is so rare as a day in June?",
Quoth the bard of another day.
But I'm sure he'd be singing a different tune
If he bivouaced in England today.

For forty degrees is as warm as you please
In a house with four walls and a roof,
But out on the ground with a gale whistling 'round
It's hard to remain aloof.

Hot coffee—iced coffee all in one meal,
Though not the mess sergeant's intention.
Hot cards to warm up your hands when you deal
Would be a most welcome invention.

So though poets may sing of the glories of Spring
In this tight little island of Britain,
I think we should hark to the weatherman's bark,
And poets should tend to their knittin'.

Bob Kirstein
England, June 1944

YE MERRY OLD ENGLAND



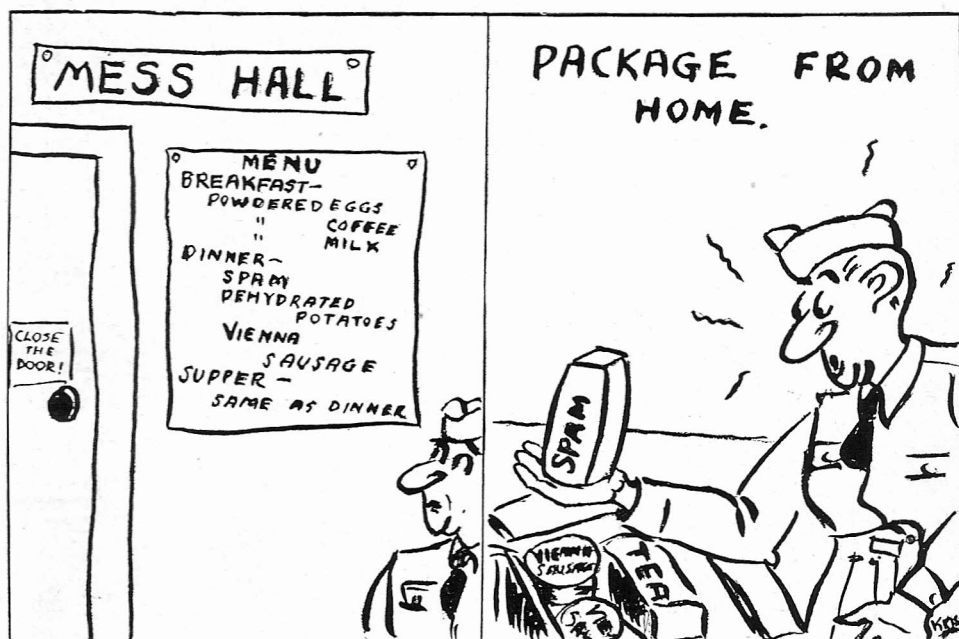
ENGLAND AND THE TRIP TO FRANCE

With our equipment ready, we awaited word to go ashore. After waiting on the docks for a half hour or so, we then threw all our bags in baggage cars and climbed aboard the train. It was a comfortable train, with about six men in a compartment. After taking off our packs we settled down for a long night's ride. Once again we met those swell girls, the Red Cross Girls.

They gave us coffee and doughnuts

cold rainy weather. As our pup tents alone weren't big enough to live in we began building them up. After a while the area became a regular little shanty town, with tin shacks, wooden shacks and canvas tents. Some of the huts even had stoves in them, but the majority were still small, cold little huts, and the only place you could be comfortable in them was in bed.

Our life here was spent in drilling,



THE DISILLUSIONED

that really hit the spot. We rode all the remainder of that night until seven in the morning and finally stopped at Chadworth, near the Roman Villa, where we loaded into G. I. trucks. From the train station we were carried to the Woodland Belt, or Hangman's Corner near Northleach, a strip of woods that was to be our home for the next two or three months.

Here we set up our pup tents and fixed up the area. The first few days were pretty nice, but we were in for some

hiking, lectures, classes on gas warfare, instructions on bazooka firing and many other subjects.

Passes here were plentiful, and many towns in England were visited. London, Oxford, Bristol, Cheltenham and Stratford-on-Avon (Home of Shakespeare) were the most frequently visited. Just down the road a few miles was an ancient Roman Villa that was very interesting to see.

Things continued in the usual way here in England until June 6th. The night before the 6th we all knew something was up. Overhead, for hours, thousands of planes passed. Then early the morning of the 6th we heard the news of the invasion. Again that night hundreds of planes passed over us, towing gliders.

Our work became more serious after June 6th, and we knew that soon we would be on our way to France. By this time we had received a large number of extra trucks, guns, tractors and tanks. These we were going to take with us. The next few weeks were busy ones waterproofing vehicles so they could be run in the water on the beaches, and getting the rest of our equipment in shape.

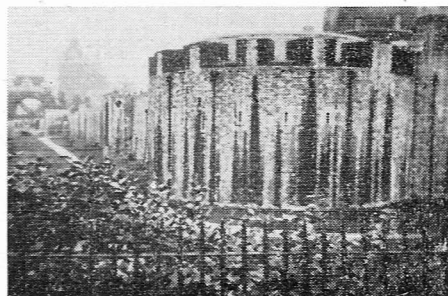
On July 11th we moved a hundred miles to the Southampton marshalling area. Here we spent another two days getting extra equipment and rations. On the afternoon of the 13th we arrived at the docks and loaded on the L. S. T.

number 266, a ship with big mouth-like doors that opened in the front. As we were loading up to go across, L. S. T.'s were unloading paratroopers who were coming back. Our day trip across the channel, was uneventful, but the channel was crowded with ships coming back and forth. We pulled into Omaha Beach early in the evening amidst thousands of ships, so many that it looked like a floating city the size of New York.

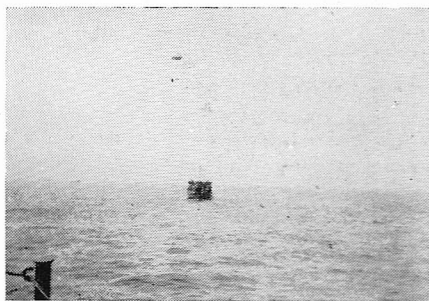
We waited until the tide went out and started to go ashore. By this time it was pitch dark, and to make matters worse the German Luftwaffe was bombing the British beachhead farther up the coast. One German plane was shot down and landed on the beach not far from where we were unloading. About one a. m. the last vehicle was ashore. It was so dark that you couldn't see your hand in front of your face, but without too much difficulty we all assembled in a field and prepared to sleep until daylight.



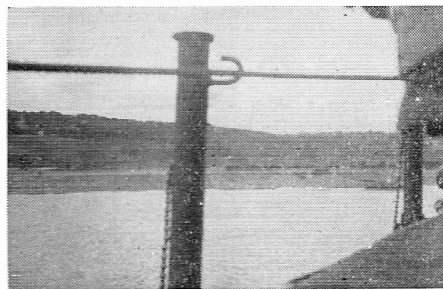
STRATFORD-ON-AVON



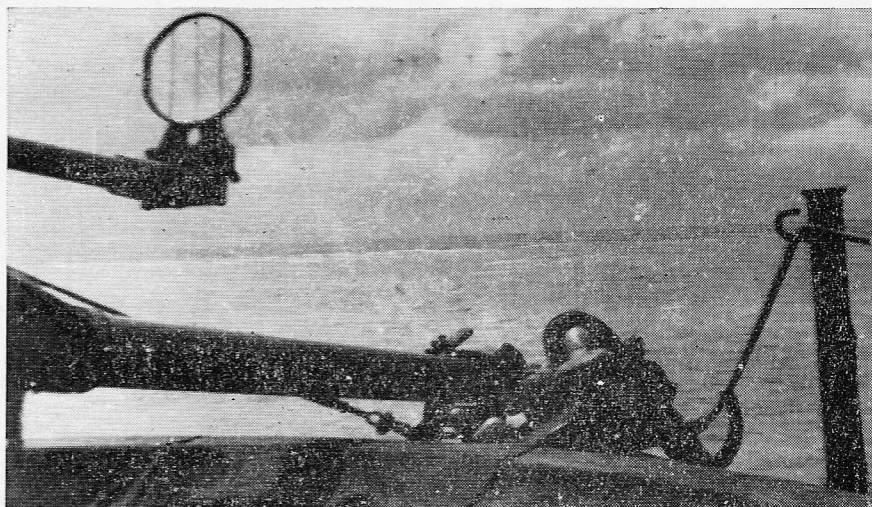
THE TOWER OF LONDON



SAILING TO FRANCE



OMAHA BEACH



OMAHA BEACH



BATH A LA NORMANDY

NORMANDY

The first night in Normandy was spent in our trucks and pool vehicles, trying to catch a few winks of sleep, for when a man is in combat, sleep at any time and in any way is essential. The sound of distant artillery and ack-ack could be heard all night long by those of us who couldn't sleep. The sky was literally a panorama of pyrotechnics, reminding one of the 4th of July, but this was not a mere harmless display of fireworks. It was our first taste of what war is like. Knowing that our own position from then on would be in the combat zone with a forward Ordnance Battalion, we began to realize what we were in for.

The next day was spent in checking vehicles and equipment, eating our "K" rations and preparing to pull out at a moment's notice. About 6:00 that evening, July 15th, we started to convoy to our new bivouac area somewhere on the Normandy Peninsula.

We were able to observe that already large stocks of food, equipment and supplies had come ashore and were stacked in the orchards. We passed the first American cemetery at St. Mere l'Eglise, neatly kept with its scores of white crosses, while across the road was the German cemetery.

The weather had been dry for days so consequently we were spitting dust balls. The roads were beat up with heavy traffic. Ahead of us lay Carentan and a dangerous bridge to cross; dangerous because it was under fire from German artillery and bombers. By this time it was dark and we were driving by cat eyes. We reached our area at Bricquebec about 11:00 p. m. in pitch darkness among trees. We had been warned about mines, booby traps and snipers. Very little land had been taken so far, and what was taken wasn't altogether cleared of hazards yet. One sergeant reported a sniper jumped



WELDING THE HEDGEROW CUTTERS

from a tree that night. Trucks were camouflaged at once, and again we slept in our trucks.

The following two weeks were spent in tents in the orchards, with fox holes nearby. A creek ran along our area, with a waterfall where we bathed, fished, and washed clothes. Volunteers made a dam across the creek to make the water deep enough for swimming. Several hundred gallons of cider were at our disposal in the barn, and there our first French lessons began. Many contact parties were sent out to check Ordnance equipment. Our main job was welding hedgerow cutters for tanks in the Third Army. Credit will have to be given here to the boys who got the first taste of actual fire from the enemy while welding for the Second Infantry Division at St. Lo.

On July 29th the break through at St. Lo started. Hundreds and hundreds of bombers went overhead, heading for their targets, and the artillery started its barrage. This day became an historic one, because we broke out from our beach-heads and the battle for the continent started.

After spending about two weeks at Bricquebec, we moved on down the Peninsula. In the battle of Northern France from July 25th, the company supported Third U. S. Army units, including the movement periods from August 2nd to August 10th. This movement carried us down the Cherbourg Peninsula to La Feuillie, to the La-Haye-Pesnel, to Poilley in the vicinity of St. James. Then we went on to Miniac to support 8th Corps artillery in the St. Malo battle.

Although we moved often and fast, we had a lot of hardening experiences. In a little more detail we will tell of our journey down the Peninsula and of St. Malo.

Most of our convoying was done in the evening which always found us arriving at our destination in pitch darkness. In this darkness we made camp, set up guard posts and tiredly climbed into our sacks. As we traveled from area to area, we could see the terrible price of war—the men that made the supreme sacrifice, the towns leveled, and the refugees returning to what they thought were still their homes, along with scores of other saddening sights.

Our move down through Avaranches didn't seem dangerous to us, but after passing through we learned, to our enjoyment, that due to our quick movements we missed being surrounded by half an hour. Our route through Avaranches was across a certain bridge that the Germans were trying their best to destroy. For this reason the Army wanted as many troops across the bridge as possible before it was destroyed. However, the destruction of the bridge would have meant only an hour or so delay, because the engineers had a pontoon bridge ready to swing into action.

The St. James area was also in an orchard, some distance from an ammo dump. We set up camp and dug our trenches, which later that night really had the business. It was here that we got our first taste of bombs landing nearby. The Germans bombed the ammo dump, and shells were exploding for about two days. Then on the second night Jerry re-



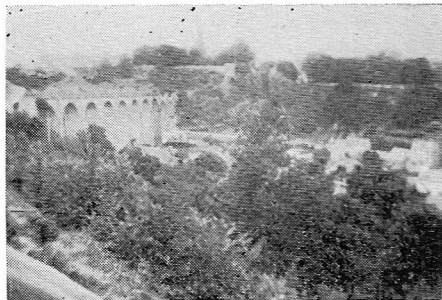
REFUGEES IN NORMANDY

turned again for a repeat performance but this time our trenches were a lot deeper, and some had thick logs and dirt roofs on them. We were constantly bothered by the Luftwaffe, and due to his ap-

pearance each night he became known as "Bed-check Charlie".

Ending up at Miniac, outside of St. Malo, we finally halted for a few days while the latter town was being taken.

ST. MALO



BRIDGE AT DINAN

We arrived in a small town called Miniac in the late afternoon. It was to be our home for about two weeks. Our first move was to dig in for our personal protection, scattering out around the hedges and setting up in regular bivouac. Although the front lines were not far away on one side of us, we were in no immediate danger.

A battalion of eight inch guns pounding at the citadel of St. Malo was located 500 yards from our area, and the ground shook day and night with their serenades. One of those shells racing through the air sounds like a box car rolling pell-mell down the track. The weather was extremely hot, and millions of bees added to the misery of the days, while mosquitoes took over by night. Luckily, we were issued insect repellent. Refugees were also plentiful and our kitchen fed many hungry mouths.

Action was heavy here, and knocked out trucks were streaming in, but due to our splendid automotive section, deadlines were kept at a minimum. The artillery section was kept busy servicing the 8th Corp's big guns. A number of men had a ringside seat for the shelling of the citadel and had the pleasure of seeing the Stars and Stripes run up at the end of the siege.



DINAN FROM THE BRIDGE

With the fall of St. Malo came 20,000 prisoners. Credit went to the 83rd Infantry Division. Our mission fulfilled here, we moved on up to the Brittany Peninsula toward our next stop—Brest.



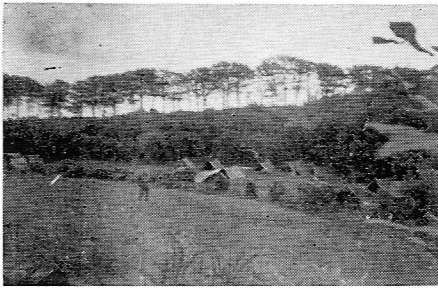
EVEN TRADE

THE TRIP TO BREST

Our trip proved to be the kind you read about. Whole towns turned out to welcome us. Flowers and fruit cascaded from every window and door. Few of these people had ever seen American soldiers as we were the first troops through

here, except for the armored spearheads and the 5th Rangers who dashed through with incredible speed. We arrived in our new area, a small village called St. Meen, just as night fell, and some of the men decided to wait until daylight to pitch tents. Unfortunately, it rained that night.

BREST



"DEATH VALLEY" AT BREST

The working area was on high, solid ground, but the tents were pitched in a low, soggy valley commonly dubbed "Death Valley" because of the penetrating dampness. One morning after a hard rain the instrument section awakened to find themselves floating on four inches of water.

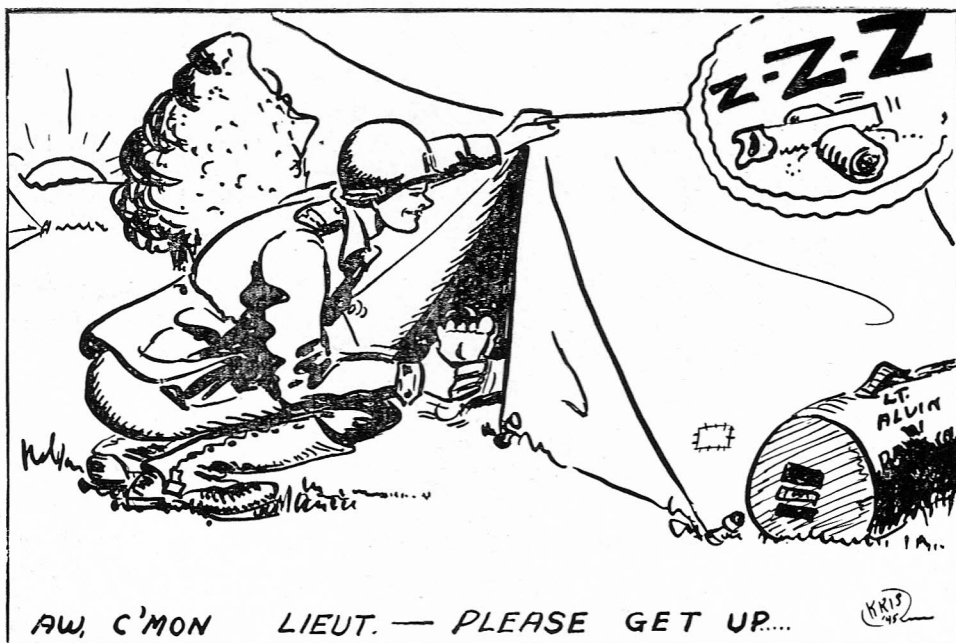
Food was scarce, but the men fared well by trading cigarettes, candy, soap, and rations to the neighboring farmers for eggs, potatoes, carrots, onions and other farm products. The camp resembled a hobo jungle at night with the men gathered around small fires cooking their swaps.

Incidentally, this was one time when ordnance beat the infantry. The Second and Twenty-ninth Infantry Divisions came through three days after we arrived. Unquestionably more work was accomplished here in the battle for Brest than in any of our other campaigns. Our time



USUAL CHOW AT BREST

was devoted entirely to work, even working on the swing shift. Working parties were sent out everyday. The now famous hedgerow cutters were even mounted on British "Churchill" flame-throwing tanks brought up from the Battle of Caen. Among the units serviced were the 8th Corps Artillery, 2nd Division, 8th Division, 29th Division and the 5th Ranger Battalion. We were then transferred from the Third Army to the Ninth Army. Leaving Brest just a few days before its fall, we headed for the German-held pockets of St. Nazaire and Lorient.



SLEEPY?

ST. NAZAIRE AND LORIENT

The first stop was at Plouay for a few days and then we proceeded to Messac, somewhat between the two pockets. We serviced the 94th Infantry Division, its attached units, and the 15th Cavalry. Two-thirds of our company was left at Messac and a third went to Arzano just out of Lorient. The 94th Division, which had just arrived in the E. T. O., being the

cocky rookies that they were, furnished us with many laughs. Their antics were not always funny, though, as they all had itchy trigger fingers and bullets whizzing through the woods kept us on edge. Work went on as usual, however, for about three weeks. Then preparations were made for the long move to Luxembourg.



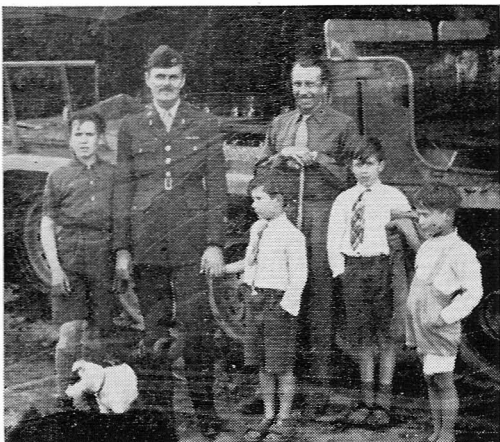
ST. MEEN



BREST

TRIP TO LUXEMBOURG

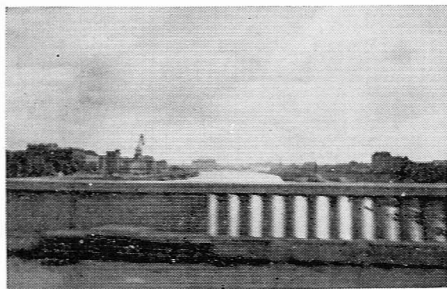
Leaving the 94th Division, we traveled across France to Luxembourg, taking almost a week in all. The first stop over was at Le Mans, France. The next day took us to a large race track just outside Paris. We passed through "Gay Paree", and crossed the Seine river the next day. Also crossing the Meuse River and skirting the Argonne Forest, we passed through Verdun and camped on the plains above Verdun late at night. The next day took us across



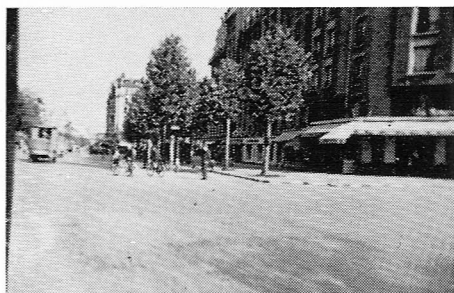
BELGIANS OF ROUMONT

the border to Roumont, Belgium outside of St. Hubert. This was the first time we stayed in houses. We were lucky to live in the chateau because it rained continuously the full time we were there. Later this same chateau was destroyed and burned by the Germans during the Battle of the Ardennes. Luxembourg City was our next long stay, and

probably the longest, supporting the 83rd Division.



SEINE IN PARIS



PARIS STREET

LUXEMBOURG

The entire company pulled into the City of Luxembourg and parked the trucks in a parking lot. Incidentally, underneath the lot was a huge bomb-proof emergency hospital which was later used as billets by the shelled out people. We were spread out considerably. The shops consisted of four garages, not far apart, plus the parking lot where the shop trucks

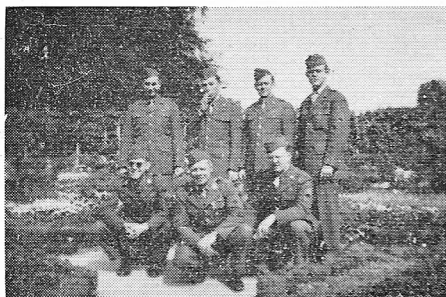
and a tent were located. The automotive and service sections lived in the former Gestapo Headquarters, and the mess hall was attached to the same building. Just around the corner a large building housed General Bradley's 12th Army Group Headquarters. Naturally, the brass hats were abundant. About a mile away, the armament platoon and officers stayed in another former Nazi house.

While in chow line one noon a very low buzz bomb cruised over, giving most of us our first glimpse of a robot. The city was shelled one night and several hits came close to the motor pool. Here we started our long service with the 83rd Division which also included the 802 T. D., 643 T. D., 453 A.A.A., 81st F. A., and 174 F. A. self-propelled 155 MM. Many contacts were made to the Moselle River and parts of the Maginot Line were seen. On October 22nd we were assigned to the First U. S. Army.

Luxembourg was a beautiful city and afforded our most pleasant stay on the



LUXEMBOURG PARK



ON PASS

continent. The people were congenial, and at Thanksgiving season their newspaper urged the natives to invite G. I. Joes for Thanksgiving dinner. Many of our boys were invited out and accepted the invitation despite the wonderful dinner at our own mess hall. This was only one of the many acts of generosity and thanks to their liberators.

Many of the men had their first chance to shop for souvenirs and had portraits taken at the studios. There were cafes, night clubs, and many other inviting places for us to relax. One civilian theater was turned over to the Allies for movies every night. Our stay there proved to be a most enjoyable one and all regretted to leave. On December 3rd we departed for Aachen, Germany, leaving behind many civilian friends.



GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS

AACHEN, GERMANY

This trip to Aachen took us via Arlon, Bastogne, Houffalize, Verviers, and Eupen, finally passing through the Siegfried Line. Our advance party arrived before dark at the new location, a former

German Cavalry Camp. The barracks were literally a mess, and just enough room was cleaned up the first night for the rest of the company. The main body of the company arrived after dark, so many fel-

EARLY CHOW AT 4 O'CLOCK-
YOU'RE ON GUARD TOO!

AIRPLANE 'ER-
CHALK 'ER -
MASH 'ER CHUG! CHUG!

Get!
BOLT!

DENTAL INSPECTION
IN THE MESS HALL
IN HALF AN HOUR!

HURRY UP - WE'RE
GONNA MOVE IN
10 MINUTES....

OH BOY!
SUPERMAN

TWO VOLUNTEERS
FOR THE KITCHEN!

SALVAGE IS IN
GET IT NOW!!

EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT ONCE.

EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT ONCE

78
lows just slept in their trucks. Much cleaning and policing up had to be done before the quarters were livable. It took at least a good week to heave out the trash.

Again we were serving the 83rd Thunderbolt Division and attached units. Everybody was busy and much excitement was prevalent.

One of the busiest sections, working 24 hours a day, was the Recovery Section. They brought in Weasels, which were the first to be worked on since Camp McCoy, and wrecks of all sorts. These boys stuck their necks out many times while going to the front lines to recover and evacuate wrecks. This necessitated going into heavily fortified Hurtgen Forest, where some of the roughest fighting took place. Because of the many buzz bombs that came over our area it was later known as "Buzz Bomb Boulevard".

On December 16th, word was received that Field Marshall von Runstedt had launched a counter attack south of us. Security measures were taken immediately. Our guard was tripled, road patrols

were sent out, road blocks set up, and anti-airborne defense set up. The company's position at this time became critical as we were the only troops left in the area. Along the adjacent road and woods was a huge ammo dump which became a target for German planes who strafed and bombed it by night. One day our own

anti-aircraft machine guns went into action against Heinie planes that strafed and dropped anti-personnel bombs. Still more precautions were taken against the threat of paratroopers dropped behind the lines. Extra ammunition and grenades were issued, and machine gun nests dug in. One

lonely knocked out Sherman tank was known as the "Ghost Post".

The pressure had eased somewhat by Christmas and a few packages from home arrived to boost the morale. Thanks to the kitchen personnel for a real dinner with all the trimmings, and to the officers for pulling guard.

On December 27th, we moved to Andenne Belgium on the Meuse River to help stem the bulge.



AACHEN BARRACKS

ANDENNE, BELGIUM

Pulling into Andenne late in the evening, we set up for the first night in an old paper factory. The next day our shop area was set up properly in this same paper factory, and better sleeping quarters were acquired in a large school building. Our work was plentiful and a lot of evening work was done.

New Year's Eve came, and the company celebrated in this small town, but after this celebration, to our disappointment, the town was put off limits.

The weather was pretty cold then, and the snow that was encountered during the Battle of the Bulge began falling. Later, however, it became considerably colder.

Many contact parties were sent to the front lines from this area. On one of these parties on the 9th of January, Lt. Dunson, Daniel Richards, and Orville Sarver were killed; Calvin Smith and Eugene Sharkey were seriously wounded

by German mortar fire. These were our first combat losses, and we were all hit hard by the loss of these men.

It was also in this area that our first prisoner was taken, a Luftwaffe pilot whose plane had been shot down. Charles Hobbs was the one to capture him. A

bottle of whiskey had been offered by the battalion commander to the first person to capture a prisoner, Hobbs had a few good drinks.

Our stay in this town was a very long one, and on the 12th of January we were ordered to move to Bomal, Belgium.

BOMAL

Arriving at Bomal in cold weather and deep snow, we set up in a railroad yard. Our living quarters were in private homes, railroad stations, trucks, and box cars. Here we received quite a bit of tank work and we received the job of changing 75's to 76's on them. A hard job, but it gave much more hitting power to the tanks. Much recovery work was done here. It consisted mostly of recovering artillery tubes and other parts from tanks and self propelled guns that had had to be destroyed, due to the German counter-attack. It was here that we ran across the first German portable robot bomb launcher, at Macara near San Ree.

83
The units we were servicing at this time were the 83rd Division, 453 A.A.A., 802 T.D., 643 T.D., and the 774 Tk. Bn. The winter continued on with its cold bitter weather, but the Germans were be-



ROUMONT CHATEAU AFTER
THE BULGE

ing pushed back, and things were beginning to brighten up quite a lot.

With the Germans pushed back to almost where they started from, we received orders to move again to Aachen, Germany. On February 7th, we moved back to Aachen.

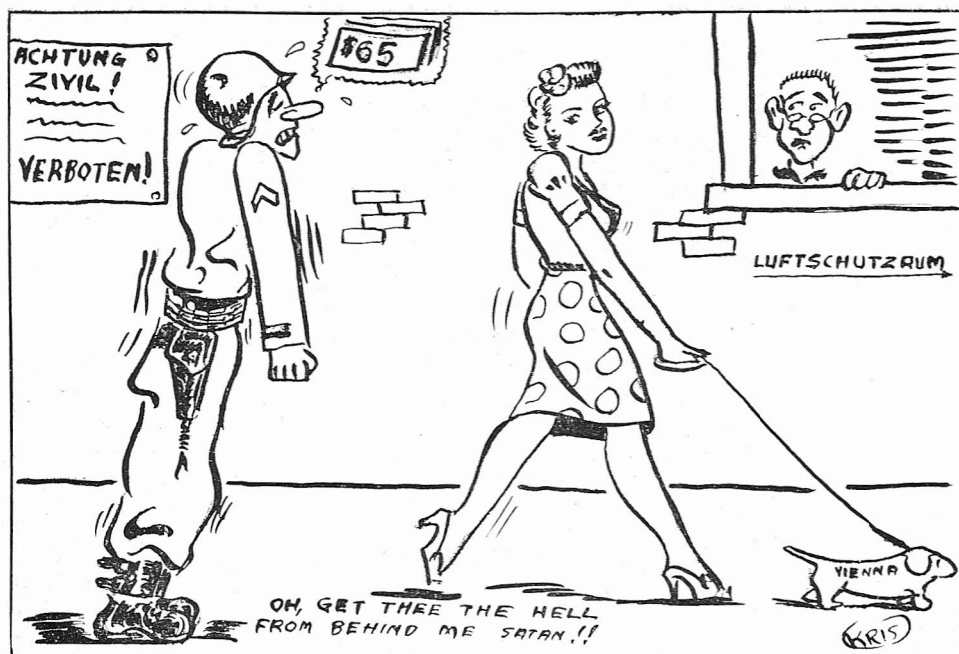
AACHEN, GERMANY

Our shop area was in a large foundry including the yard space. The armament platoon was billeted in Russian barracks, which were used previously by men and women slave laborers. The rest of the company was quartered in bomb shattered buildings.

Here the work was plentiful, as we had the job of preparing equipment for the Roer River crossing. It was here also

that a Weasel school was set up, by instructors fresh from the States.

Air action was an every night occasion here, and one evening we witnessed a dog-fight between P-47's and German Jet planes. The result was one German down and the others high-tailing it for home. A German plane flying low over our area dropped a bomb which turned out to be a dud.



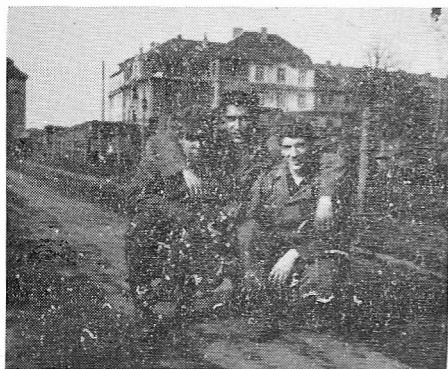
DON'T FRATERNIZE

The man power shortage became a little critical at this point, and we were soon taking our physical examinations to see how many of us were fit for the infantry. As it turned out none of us were called, though.

On the morning of February 23rd at about 5:00, a terrific artillery barrage was set down. Hearing this, we knew the

Roer was being crossed. After this morning, convoy after convoy of tanks, trucks, men, etc., went past every day and night. There was continuous artillery fire, and the skies at night were lighted up by searchlights, which made "artificial moonlight".

Everyone was anxiously awaiting our chance to move on. Then on the 3rd of March it was our time to cross the Roer River. We packed, convoyed by truck over the river at Julich, arriving at Odenkirchen, Germany, our new base.



FOUR OF A KIND



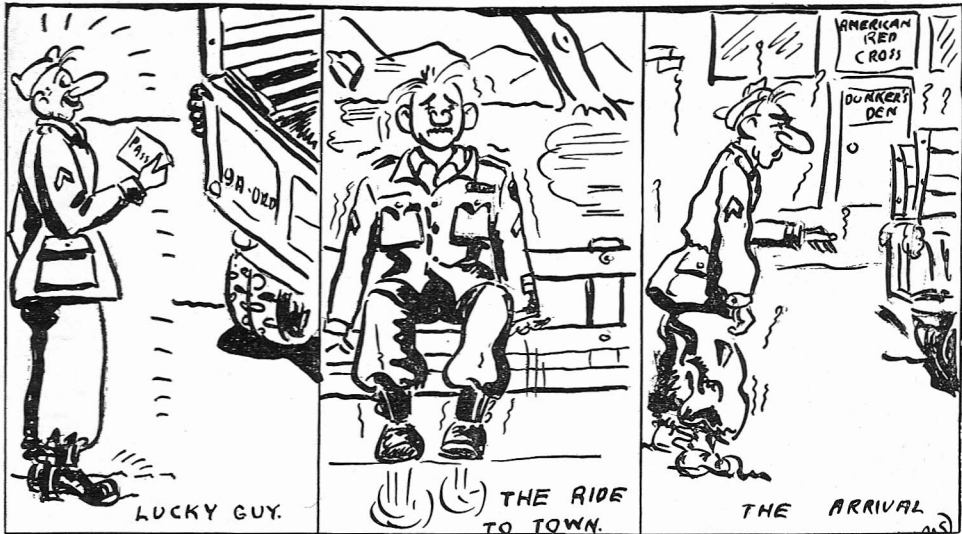
ARTILLERY

ODENKIRCHEN

At Odenkirchen we set up our shops and billets in an old airplane factor. This area proved to be about the best set-up in shops that we had had since the the company began. Work was plentiful in this area, and all sections were working full swing in the shops and on contact parties.

of Rheydt, where the infamous Dr. Goebels lived. Many radios were liberated in this area and much wine and "fire water" was obtained from Neuss.

On the 15th of March the rotation plan hit our organization and we sent T-5 Jack E. Hart home for a 30 day fur-



THE LUCKY GUY

Every day contact parties were sent up to the Rhine River, just opposite Dusseldorf to repair equipment that would be needed in the Rhine crossing.

It was here also that Ed (Pop) Erehm met with his unfortunate accident and was sent to the States. Ed was quite a fellow, good natured, and well liked by everyone in the outfit. We were all sorry to see him go.

Our days were spent in much work, and our evenings in resting, and writing letters home. We had an occasional movie in this area, and there were 12 hour passes twice a week to Liege in addition to rest camp passes.

Odenkirchen is adjacent to the city

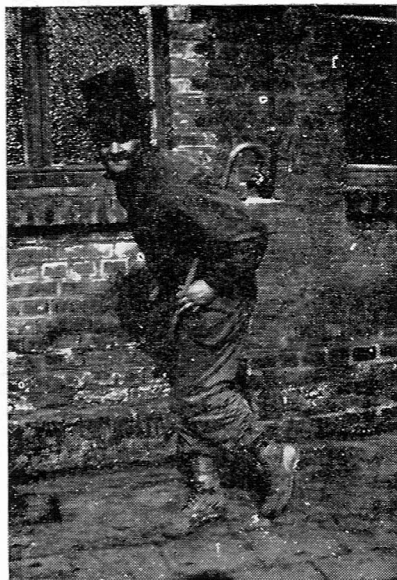
lough. Although we were in the 29th Division area we were servicing the 83rd and the 95th Infantry Divisions.



THE ROER



NO MEDICS



"KNUCKLEHAID"

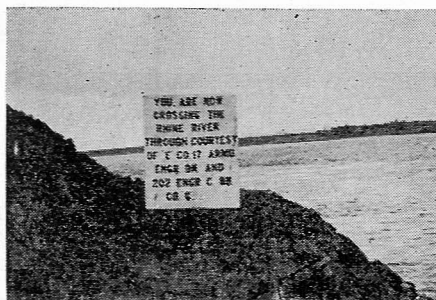


BRAINS

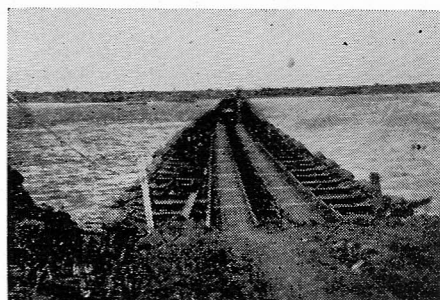


MOSTLY COOKS

ACROSS THE RHINE



OVER THE RHINE



BRIDGEHEAD

83rd
On the night of March 28th we left Odenkirchen and convoyed to a field five miles south of Krefeld, Germany on the west side of the Rhine. We set up tents and awaited orders to cross the Rhine in accordance with our priority number. We were informed that we would cross the Rhine River with the 83rd Division.

We remained here for two nights and one day awaiting our orders which finally came on March 30th. Convoying in blackout, we crossed the river about one mile from the large town of Wesel which was still under attack at the time of our crossing. Staying here one night, on the 31st day of March we received orders to move again. We arrived at our bivouac area, five miles northeast of Haltern. Little maintenance work was accomplished due to the fast-moving advance of our armies deep into the heart of Germany. Along the roads and in the area were American paratroopers who helped to establish the bridgehead. They were guarding and closing in on a small German pocket of resistance. Both sides of the road were lined with freed refugees coming from the industrial Ruhr.

Staying only one night, we left Haltern on April 1st for the new area at Ludinghausen, where we stayed only a few hours before we were ordered to move again, this time to Ahlen. This day was Easter Sunday, but it held no meaning for us that year. That Easter day will long be remembered, for on that day we saw half crazed, happy, starving people on all sides and a good many dead ones too. It

looked for a while as if we would never get a chance to go to church that day, but late in the afternoon services were held in a small German church.

Spending only a few hours in Ludinghausen, we moved on to Ahlen where we set up our shops in a parking lot and our billets in houses we took over.

This was on the 3rd of April, and it was pitch dark by the time we reached Ahlen. As it was so dark, no one did much except make up their sacks and slide in them for a few hours sleep. It seemed that one of the fellows, namely Earl Morton, had already gone to sleep. On the way up the convoy stopped for a few minutes, and during this stop Morton fell asleep. He failed to wake up when the rest of the convoy moved on, and the half behind Morton stayed there until Earl woke up. (Was he surprised?) Another funny incident that happened here concerned a German who raised Cain because some of the fellows walked on his lawn. As a result, the German was quickly ejected from his house so that we might have sleeping quarters.

There were many freed slaves and prisoners on the roads by now, and to many of them we gave food, cigarettes, and clothes. It was a pitiful sight, to see them actually eating from garbage cans.

There was plenty of work in our short stay here. There were many tanks and troops moving up, and many of them stopped in for repairs. Also in this town were many German medical soldiers roaming the streets in the Wehrmacht uniform.

After some were picked up, we found out that they had authentic papers allowing them to be free.

On the 5th of April we were ordered to move on. This time our destination was Delbruck. Here we set up shops in an old railroad yard, and our quarters were private homes. The mess hall was in a dairy that was really getting a going over by the freed prisoners and slave laborers. In a few hours time these hungry people relieved the dairy of about 500 lbs. of butter and cheese.

many of us had aching heads the next morning. Home cooked foods and fried chicken were also sampled here.

Staying here only two days we moved again on the 7th of April to Horn. Here we set up in a shell factory and lived in houses, in trucks, and in the factory. There was a large slave labor camp in back of this factory where the Germans kept the workers. Talks with these French, Russian and Polish laborers revealed that they worked as slowly as possible for the Germans and were waiting anxiously

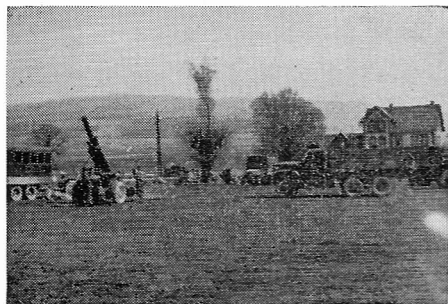


"KAMERAD!"

The work was plentiful in this area also, although our shops were temporary set-ups in the open. An ample amount of drinks was available in this area, and

for the arrival of the Yanks. It was here that we had our first good hot showers in a long time.

On April 9th we received orders to

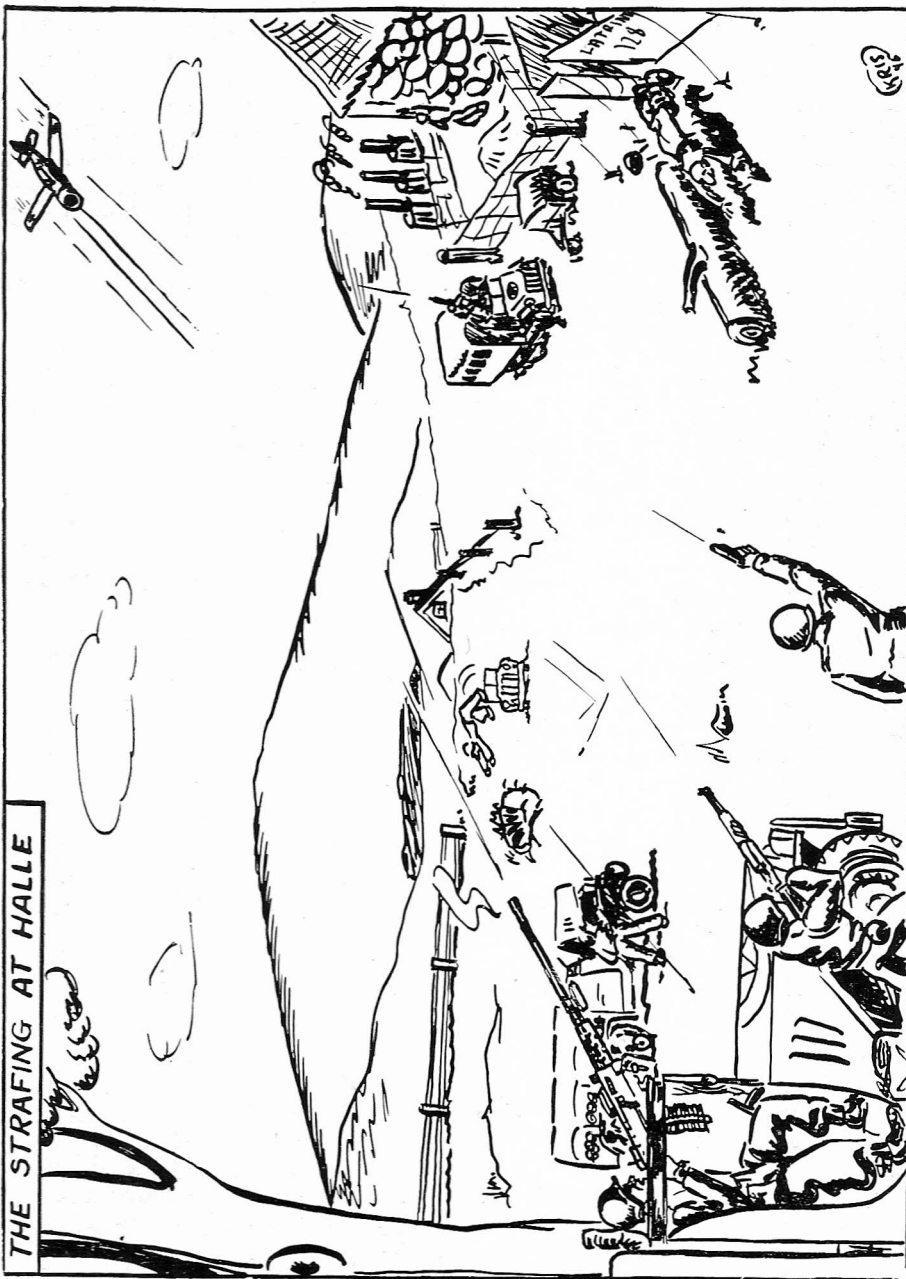


THE AREA AT HALLE



FRISKING THE PRISONERS

THE STRAFING AT HALLE

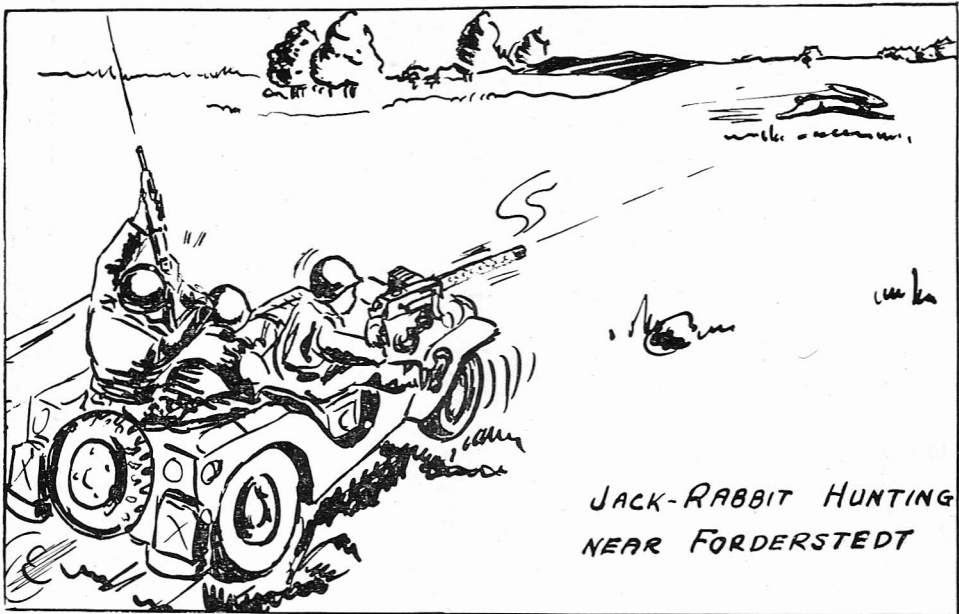


THE STRAFING AT HALLE

move to Halle. We arrived there to find only open fields and a few houses, so we set up in the open fields. Some of the fellows lived in their trucks, some in tents and some in what few houses there were. Our first night in this area didn't prove to be so peaceful. About eight in the evening a German ME 109 came over our area and strafed us. No one was hurt, but a few of the trucks were shot up a bit. On his second and third pass he was given a hot reception and we feel sure that he went away with a few holes in his plane.

tory. Here we took our biggest batch of prisoners, thirteen in all, including one veteran of the Afrika Korps.

On the 12th of April we moved to Halberstadt. This proved to be a very beautiful place. Our quarters were in a large mansion of 20 or 30 rooms, and the courtyard was our shop area. There were many freed prisoners in Halberstadt including Americans, Canadians, Australians and English. There was also a lot of good stuff to drink. It was here that we heard the sad news of the President's death,



JACK-RABBIT HUNTING
NEAR FORDERSTEDT

HUNTING ARMY STYLE

Captain Lien and a searching party went out and returned with some German prisoners, the first we had taken since Belgium, but not the last.

Work was plentiful and the boys were going from morning until dark getting the jobs finished.

On the night of the strafing a German civilian came up to one of the men and said to him, "The Americans are crazy people. Even while they are being shot at they laugh and joke".

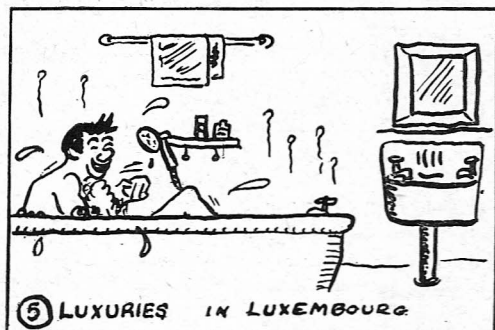
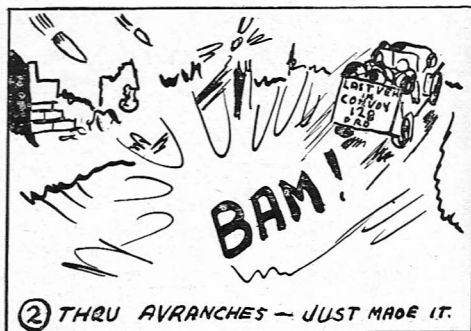
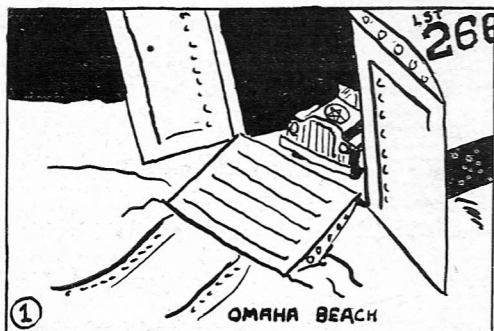
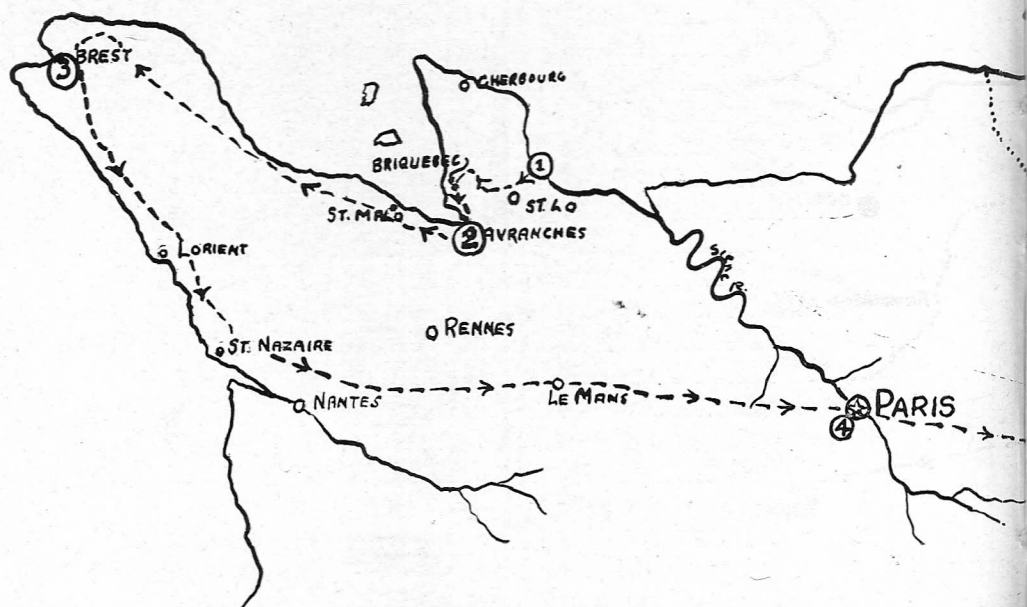
On the 11th of April we left Halle and convoyed to Langelsheim, which was an overnight stop at a large chemical fac-

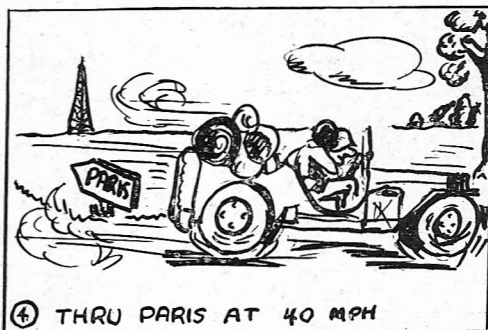
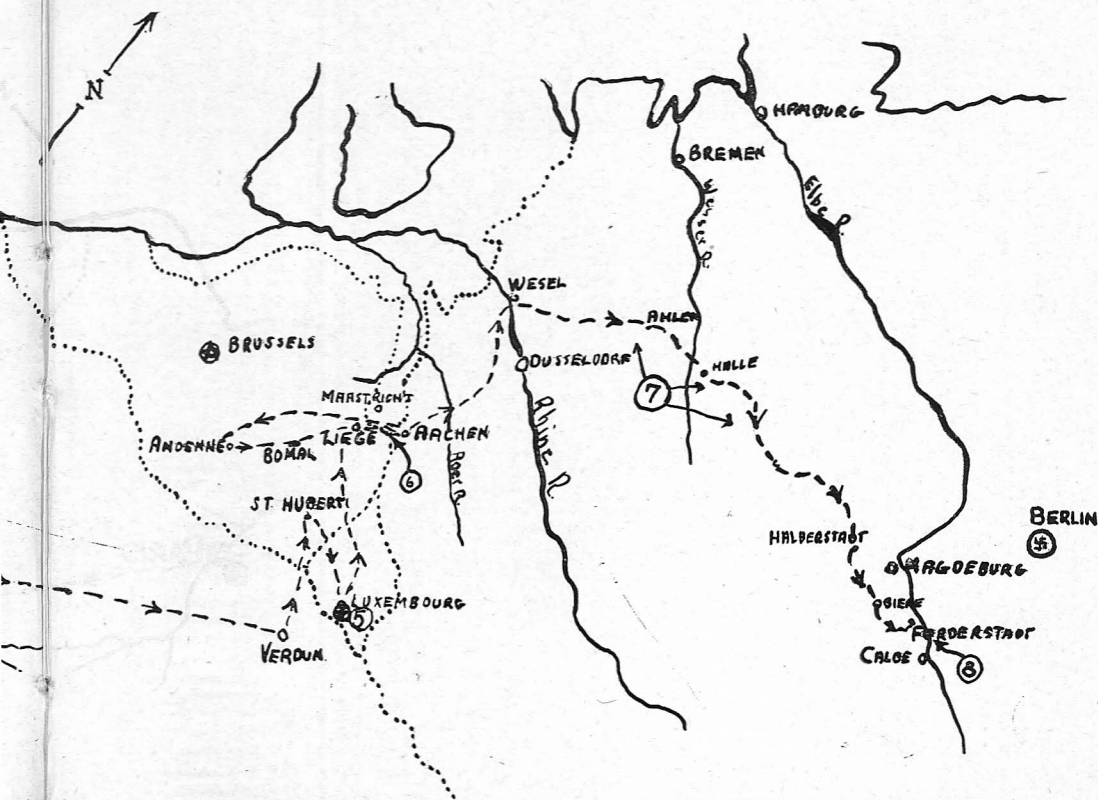
which came as a blow to all of us. Move again were the orders, so on the 14th of April we moved on to Biere, close to the Elbe River and the large city of Magdeburg which was still German-held.

Here at Biere a few streets were blocked off and served as our working area. Our living quarters were houses that the civilians were forced to vacate. Much work was done here, as this was the first time we had stayed in one place for more than three days since crossing the Rhine. Many contact parties were sent across the Elbe River to within forty miles of Berlin. It was from this area that Cpl.

DATES AND PLACES

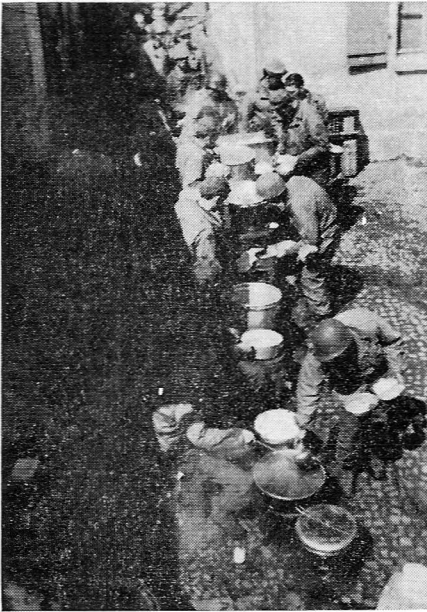
- 30 January 1943.....128th activated.
- 21 February 1943.....Arrived at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin.
- 13 November 1943.....Left Camp McCoy, Wisconsin for Camp Campbell, Kentucky.
- 15 November 1943.....Arrived at Camp Campbell, Kentucky.
- 2 February 1944.....Left Camp Campbell for Camp Kilmer, New Jersey.
- 10 February 1944.....Embarked on the Ship Thomas Jefferson.
- 11 February 1944.....Sailed from New York Harbor.
- 22 February 1944.....Arrived in Belfast, Ireland and went to Maze Stables.
- 13 May 1944.....Left Maze Stables and boarded The Goethals at Belfast.
- 14 May 1944.....Arrived near Bristol, England.
- 15 May 1944.....Arrived at Northleach, England.
- 11 July 1944.....Left Northleach and convoyed to Southampton.
- 13 July 1944.....Boarded an L. S. T. and sailed for France.
- 14 July 1944.....Arrived at Omaha Beach, Colleville, France.
- 15 July 1944.....Convoyed to Bricquebec, France.
- 2 August 1944.....Convoyed to Perriers, France.
- 5 August 1944.....Convoyed to La Ferillie, France.
- 7 August 1944.....Convoyed to St. James, France.
- 8 August 1944.....Convoyed to Miniac, near St. Malo, France.
- 17 August 1944.....Convoyed to St. Meen, near Brest, France.
- 14 September 1944.....Convoyed to Flouay, near Lorient and St. Nazaire, France.
- 22 September 1944.....Convoyed to Messac, between Lorient and St. Nazaire, France.
- 11 October 1944.....We started across France for Luxembourg, going through the cities of Laval, Le Mans, Paris, and Verdun to Roumont, near St. Hubert, Belgium.
- 16 October 1944.....Left Roumont, Belgium, and convoyed to Luxembourg.
- 3 December 1944.....Left Luxembourg and convoyed through Belgium to Aachen, Germany.
- 28 December 1944.....Left Aachen and convoyed to Andenne, Belgium.
- 12 January 1945.....Left Andenne and convoyed to Bomal, Belgium.
- 7 February 1945.....Left Bomal and returned to Aachen, Germany.
- 3 March 1945.....Left Aachen, crossed the Roer River, and went to Odenkirchen, Germany.
- 28 March 1945.....Left Odenkirchen, and went to marshalling area at Krefeld, Germany.
- 30 March 1945.....Left Krefeld, and crossed the Rhine River near Wesel, Germany. Arrived at Spellen, near Wesel.
- 31 March 1945.....Left Spellen and arrived at Haltern, Germany. Left Haltern and arrived at Lavesum, Germany.
- 1 April 1945.....Departed from Lavesum and arrived at Ludenhausen. Left Ludenhausen and convoyed to Ahlen, Germany.
- 4 April 1945.....Left Ahlen and convoyed to Delbruck, Germany.
- 6 April 1945.....Left Delbruck and convoyed to Horn, Germany.
- 9 April 1945.....Left Horn and convoyed to Halle on the east side of the Weser River.
- 11 April 1945.....Left Halle and convoyed to Langelsheim.
- 12 April 1945.....Left Langelsheim and convoyed to Halberstadt, Germany.
- 14 April 1945.....Left Halberstadt and convoyed to Biere, Germany.
- 19 April 1945.....Left Biere and convoyed to Forderstedt, Germany, near the Elbe River.
- 8 May 1945.....V-E DAY, spent in Forderstedt, Germany.





PRISONERS CAPTURED

DATE	PLACE	NUMBER	CAPTURED BY	
1 January, 1945	Andenne, Belgium	1	Hobbs.	
10 April, 1945	Halle, Germany	1	Lt. Urich, Learned, Thompson, R. Baker, J. McNamara.	
11 April, 1945	Halle, Germany	2	Holder, Warner, Rue, C. Mitchell, Combs, Capt. Lien.	
12 April, 1945	Langelsheim, Germany	13	Capt. Lien, C. Mitchell, Sikeritzky, Black,,Blem, Nichols, R. Baker, Sheldon, Schaefer.	
12 April, 1945	Halberstadt, Germany	3	Lt. Wiley, Graff, Stuessel, Reinshell.	2
12 April, 1945	Halberstadt, Germany	2	Dildine, Johnson.	
14 April, 1945	Halberstadt, Germany	1	Rabatin, Martin, Bordenkircher.	
14 April, 1945	Biere, Germany	2	Lt. Harms, Giorgianni, Holder, Davies, Graff, Ritzert, Combs, Rue, Warner, Krispinsky, Bordenkircher.	
25 April, 1945	Forderstedt, Germany	1	Rusk, Schaefer.	
8 April, 1945	Halle, Germany	1	Harrell	
		—		
	TOTAL	27		

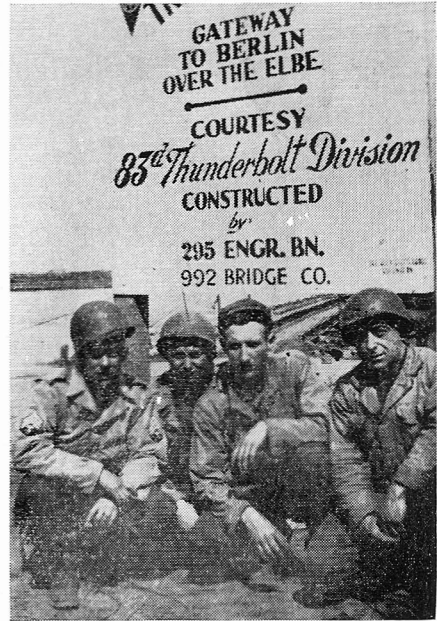


CHOW LINE AT FORDERSTEDT

Charles Bowers and Cpl. Casimer Jablonski went out for supplies that were badly needed for maintenance work, but they never returned. A searching party was sent out, but it proved all in vain as neither was found. They were reported missing. It was also here that 2nd Lt. Koehler received his battlefield promotion to 1st Lt.

Better working conditions were to be had a few miles away at Forderstedt, so on April 20th the company moved there. This put us a few miles closer to the Elbe River on a direct route to the bridge.

The trucks and working area were on a partially paved railroad yard, and our billets were civilian houses, without the civilians of course. A lot of small arms road testing went on here, especially in the fields and woods hunting deer, rabbits, and



HIGH TIDE OF 128th INVASION

quail. This and going to the shows at Calbe afforded our only recreation.

Official notice was received that Charlie Bowers was killed and Whitey Jablonski was wounded. Both men were a great loss to us.

Orders were received for a new mission farther north, but these were later cancelled, after all work had ceased and we were ready to take off. Work poured into our shops as the war was fast coming to a close. On many occasions our boys made personal contact with the Russians across the Elbe river.

At last on May 8th came the long awaited V-E Day. This was what we had been working and fighting for, for almost a year. Money couldn't buy our experiences, but we hope we have fought our last war.





The 128th has been very active in sports. Although very little softball was played in Camp McCoy, the post baseball team had four boys from the 128th. Sgt. Charlie Adkins had the regular center field berth on the team. Adkins was plenty fast and could hit, sporting a batting average of .280 during the season. He's a product of the Boston Red Sox. Alongside of him in right field was Sgt. Bill Holder, having a regular berth all season. His batting average for the year was .275. He is a protege of the St. Louis Cards. Cpl. Charlie Bowers had shortstop position in the bag. He was one of the finest all 'round baseball players of all, with a batting average of .325 for the season. Bowers was another Cardinal product. 1st Sgt. Rattigan, although not in all the games really showed his form when he did play. He was strong on the defense at either shortstop or third, and had a batting average of .275 for the games he played. He played semi-pro ball in the Eastern League. Three of the boys received gold baseballs for their good sportsmanship, and their good playing all year.

After coming overseas, our first stop was Ireland. We organized a soft ball team and the players were as follows: Sgt. Harry Dildine, pitcher; 1st Sgt.

Sparky Rattigan, ss; Sgt. Bill Holder, third base; Sgt. Charlie Adkins, center field; Sgt. Walter Skowron, catcher; WOJG William Bridges, catcher; Cpl. Jack Barham, first base; Cpl. Bob Clark, Sgt. Rube Stuessel, Cpl. Charles Bowers, all second base; Sgt. Jim Looman, short field; PFC. Kenny Hall, left field; Sgt. Red Nicholson, Cpl. Bob Lee, center field; Cpl. Jess Street, Cpl. Bill Keiber, right field. In Ireland we played the 3510 Ord. and won five games to their four. After playing the 3510 Ord. softball team, we took them on in basketball at the American Red Cross in Belfast. We won three games, losing none. Later we were invited into a tourney with different companies. Our first game was with a Negro Quartermaster team and we were beaten 36-17. That was our finish. Charles Bowers and Charlie Adkins led the scoring in our final game in Ireland.

From Ireland we traveled to England, and really had the games there. We were invited into a tournament with the 6th Cavalry Group. There were nine teams, counting us, and we really showed them how the Ordnance plays ball. The standings wound up with the 128th on top as usual with 15 wins, two losses. Our boys just couldn't be beat. The boys al-

ways were there at every game. Sgt. Bill Holder was appointed manager of the team, with 1st Sgt. Rattigan as assistant. Earl Morton was our regular coach and also saw action in a few games. (Thanks for your help, Mort.)

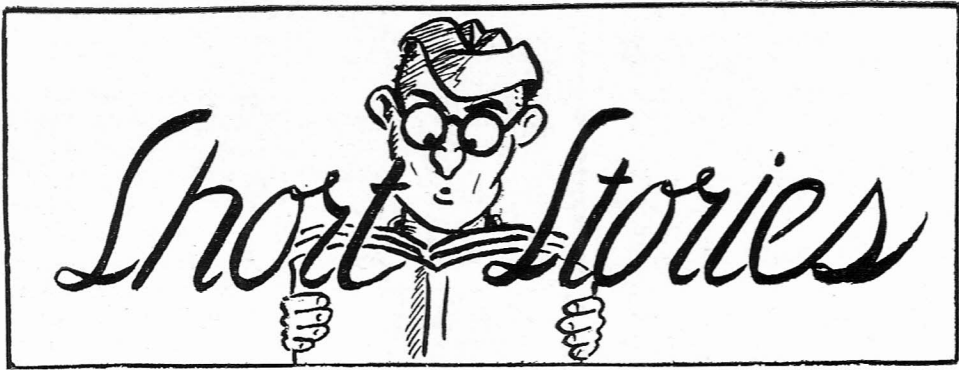
Soon grew tired of England, so off to France. Had a few games there, five in all, and won them all. (No competition.) After France we had some rest for the boys. No more games until we hit Odenkirchen, Germany. There we didn't do so well. The 503rd Ord. HM Tank Company beat us twice, although we beat our battalion four games, and also trimmed another team from our company. Our record while stationed in Wolfenbuttel, Germany: We have to date played the 330th Infantry Company "D" two games. The first ended in a 7 to 7 tie. We came out on top in the second,

9-7. That's about all for softball but we did have a few basketball games.

While in Camp Campbell, Kentucky, we won eight games, losing one. The members were as follows: Charlie Adkins, Ralph Myers, Bill Holder, Sparky Rattigan, Red Nicholson, Jim Looman, Larsen Savill, Danny Richards, Kenny Hall, Earl Morton, Bob Lee, Charles Bowers, Jack Barham. No more games were played until we reached Germany, where there was one. We let some pill-pushing Medics beat us to the tune of 45-31. Charlie Bowers scored 22 of our 31 points. That is all for the basketball games. We had one football game while in Camp Campbell, Kentucky. We beat a Chemical Company 6-0 on a touchdown by Lt. Stechmiller. That was the only football game that was played.



TAKE COVER! HERE COMES ONE O'DEM Q. M. TRUCK DRIVERS



THE HANGING IN BARRACKS NO. 2.

What the hell were we doing in the barracks on a Saturday night, anyhow? It must have been that we were broke, restricted, or that someone beat us to our pressed O. D's. Anyhow there was quite a bit of excitement even though we never moved out of the barracks. It all started when some ambitious Joe decided to wash out his fatigue pants and hang them near the ventilating system. We imagined that they looked like someone hanging there, so being artistically inclined, we just had to elaborate on it. This took quite a bit of preparation (mainly gathering everyone's excess clothes to give our problem child a little bulk). Shoes, hats, shirts, and pants gave it the needed internal organs with fatigue trousers and shirt to cover its manly form. Overshoes had to suffice as feet, gloves for his hands, and a paper sack stuffed with two dirty towels made up his head. At least ten tent ropes, none of them being our own, were used to hold him (it) together. The stoutest one was used to suspend him (it) from the ventilator. Having a few cold veins we touched off the scene by knocking over a chair at the foot of our new character.

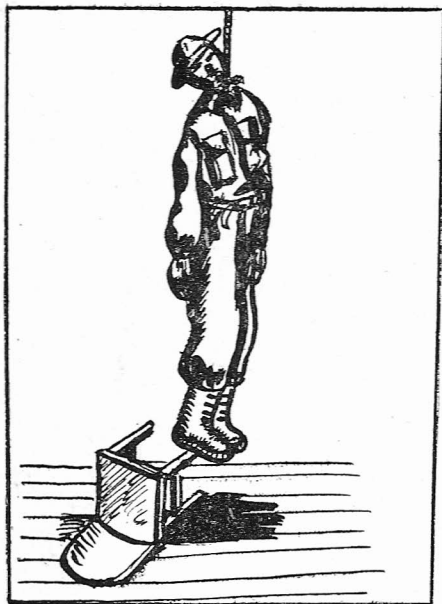
Being satisfied with our latest work of art we hit the sack for the night, hoping that it would be a good joke on some of our slightly inebriated buddies. All went well until a crowd gathered outside the barracks, all arguing about the identity of that character dangling from a tent rope. A passing guard took it all too seriously and took off "double time" for the guard house and the rest of the guards. In a few short minutes they were

back with fixed bayonets, and charged into the barracks. What they intended to do with fixed bayonets sure beat us, but in they came finding only Oscar, and not Rigor Mortis hanging there. They didn't think that the prank was quite as funny as we did, especially the O. D. who arrived a few minutes later, with two of our officers. All this "Brass" wasted no time in waking up the whole company for questioning. All this occurred at approximately 2400 hours. From this point forward things weren't quite so funny.

We stood shivering in our shorts, the guilty and the innocent harangued and hounded alike, while visions of firing squads danced in our heads. (Well, at the very least, we thought we'd get the rock pile). After considerable interrogation, the black sheep were separated from the white sheep and we were allowed to go back to bed, although we had to count officers jumping over fences before we could sleep after that.

The matter did come to the attention of higher headquarters, but the colonel must have laughed to himself as nothing ever came of the affair outside of a general chewing for all and a particular chewing for those intimately involved. At any rate, the 128th had become famous as an outfit with imagination and one to be reckoned with.

What happened to the dummy, you ask? Well, when we last saw him, he was sitting in the furnace room with Smiley Baker arguing that Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill were brothers, while the rest of the company went on a hike.



MR. DEEDS

Dog racing was a popular Sunday sport in Northern Ireland and had many followers in the company, among whom was that well known Cleveland sporting figure, Hank Mitchell. At the tracks, each bookie runs his own little stand, and calls off his odds like the original tobacco auctioneer. As the odds fluctuate rapidly, part of the game is to place your money with the right man at the right time. Hank had a hot tip on a good thing so he gave Bee Graff a pound with instructions to get the best odds he could on this sure winner. Bee strolled off with the pound and a comprehending look. Soon he returned, smiling triumphantly.

"What odds did you get?" asked Hank.

"Twenty to one" replied Bee.

"Twenty to one! How did you ever get twenty to one on Dark Queen?" exclaimed Hank.

Oh," said Bee, "I didn't get that on Dark Queen. You told me to get the best odds I could, so I got twenty to one on Never Quit."

At last reports, Never Quit was living up to his name, as he is still running.

Another time Dale Cooper had his money on a good looking dog named Mr. Deeds. The dog broke on top and led all the way around and Dale was counting his money. We'll never know what goes on in a dog's mind, but Mr. Deeds came to a dead stop five yards from the finish line and every dog in the race passed him. All of which goes to prove that Mr. Deeds doesn't always go to town. It was rumored that the following Sunday Cooper was seen on the rail at the finish line frantically waving a pork chop bone which Sgt. Papson had loaned him.

THE UNDISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

It happened while on contact with the Second Infantry Division at St. Lo. Sergeants Gentile, Fix, and Adkins, Cpls. Richard Baker and Mance made up the welding team working on "Hedge Busters" for tanks. The work area was quite close to the fighting and we had frequent visits from the Luftwaffe. They strafed every meal time and often between meals. We had a warning system, but it was usually too late, so the best bet was to hit the dirt as soon as the neighboring ack-ack opened up. Our area was in a woods and tree bursts were a constant menace. To afford the most protection our shelters were

made with thick roofs of logs and dirt, with only a small hole to enter by, so that you had to squirm to get in. One day we heard the ack-ack open up, and we headed for the holes. Charlie Adkins was welding and hadn't heard the warning nor had he noticed we were gone. His first knowledge of the presence of enemy aircraft was tracers bouncing around through the woods. He was about fifty feet from his hole and he covered the distance in nothing flat. There was just a streak of light and he was underground. It was so fast we decided he must have flown so we presented him with an imitation Undistinguished Flying Cross.

GRAND LETDOWN

One Sunday afternoon the Cpl. of the guard, Keiber, came into the barracks, and told me that Colonel Gibson wanted to see me. So I dressed my best, and left to see what he wanted. And guess what? All he wanted was a hair cut!

Cpl. Walter Sidor X-Company Barber.

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU

According to unconfirmed reports T-3 Kennedy and T-5 Doyle Smith had quite an episode in their military careers at Halberstadt, Germany. It was brought to our attention that the two above mentioned men left the company area for a short walk, and returned shortly calling to everyone in sight for much needed assistance. They had sighted several Germans casually walking along the railroad tracks just a few yards to the rear of the area. When Kennedy, Smith, and their loyal assistants again located the Germans, the number had increased ten-fold.

Imagine their surprise when they came to realize they had just captured an already well guarded P.W. Cage! What about that boys?

BUZZ BOMB JITTERS

S-Sgt. Weirich and T-Sgt. Nichols wore out more pairs of shoes in Luxembourg City than there are in the E. T. O. Why? Well, Weirich lived in the attic with Nichols and every time a buzz bomb or a Jerry plane came over they would run down four stories into the air raid cellar.

SECRET WEAPON 077124

Remember the day when T-5 Otteny's Jeep couldn't go fast enough? Back there when contact parties were going out to the Squish Guns at St. Lorient, France. The 88's were popping all around, but no wonder that jeep couldn't take off in a hurry, look who it had to carry—T Sgt. Nichols, T-4 Rabatin, and T-5 Jablonski besides the driver.

REMEMBER ONE HAPPY NIGHT IN LUXEMBOURG CITY

Who was responsible for getting 75 gallons of Moselle Wine? T-Sgt. George J. Nichols, T-Sgt. Andrew Johnston and M-Sgt. Morris were the cause of getting the whole company pie-eyed.

TOO CROWDED FOR COMFORT



STANDING ROOM ONLY

Clarence Ferree and Rube Stuessel have had their share of foxhole troubles. Avaranches provided the scene for two comical incidents. Clarence and Rube enlarged an already present trench to accommodate the two of them. Everyone was in bed when the loud drone of enemy planes was heard overhead, and heavy bombing began nearby. Rube and Clarence quickly filled their foxhole. Suddenly, the door of Sgt. Boos' shop truck opened, and out scrambled Boos. His truck was in a direct line with the boys' foxhole, and two tents occupied the space between the truck and the foxhole. At this time Sgt. Boos quickly arrived at the conclusion that the shortest distance between points was a straight line. So a straight

line it was, leaving two collapsed tents on the ground and a third party in the foxhole. Boos executed a perfect dive into the hole with Ferree's stomach cushioning the dive. Clarence's startled exclamation will not be printed, as Boos rolled over and said, "Whatsa matter?"

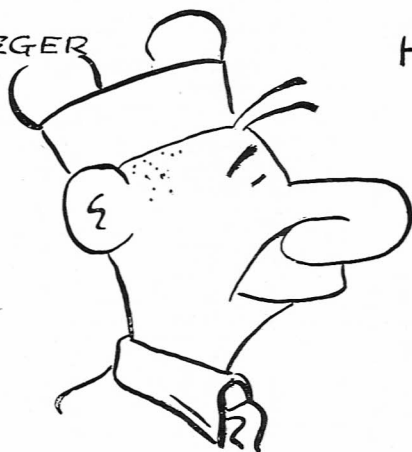
The next night Ferree was on guard at a foxhole post. Sergeant of the guard that night was making his inspection and arrived at Ferree's post as Jerry planes strafed and bombed. The same thought at the same time prompted their actions. Both jumped into the round foxhole but neither reached the bottom. How could they when they were wedged there? However, they survived the air activity, and slowly extracted themselves from the hole.



PVT BREGER



HUBERT



SAD SACK



MAULDIN'S BOYS





JUST A FEW INSTANCES I REMEMBER

One time we were assigned to contact an artillery unit that had just moved up to fire point blank at the Citadel of St. Malo. Along with Lt. Stechmiller and Sgt. Nichols in a jeep, we came to a town that showed fresh signs of being under attack, with some houses smoldering and wires all tangled up. We came upon a hastily scrawled sign saying "Enemy". So after going just enough distance past the sign to get the jeep stopped, we turned, came back two miles, when we met the infantry advancing.

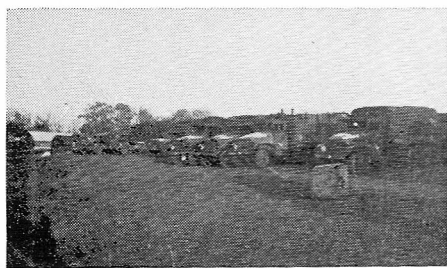
Ottney
At Brest, 8th Corps Headquarters gave me the grid co-ordinates of the 571st FA who had just arrived, and with Ottney as a jeep driver, we went to the location. It was near a house where a half dozen or more kids came out and stared at us. Asking them in a brand of French that only I could understand "American Soldats", they shook their heads, "No". So after floundering around for about a half an hour or so, I came across three recon men from the Second Division, and asked the top sergeant where he thought the grid could be. After examining the map, he decided it was either where I just came from, (which he said was known

to be full of 88's) in the center of the canal, or across it. So knowing it wasn't where I just came from, and feeling pretty damn sure they weren't in the center of the canal, I went back to Landerneau, and up on the other side, and drove down the road quite some distance trying to get over towards the canal. Things just didn't look right so we turned around at the bottom of a valley and came back to where some tanks were rumbling across the ridge. There I met a colonel who asked me why I was there. When I asked him where the front line was, he said I was standing on it, and that probably the only reason that we got out of the valley, was that the enemy had probably figured we were there to draw fire. The distance we had gone beyond that point was exactly 2.7 miles and the corps had given us a location that the 571st were to occupy a few days later. About ten days or so after this incident we saw shells from an 88 hitting on the line at about the same point we had been.

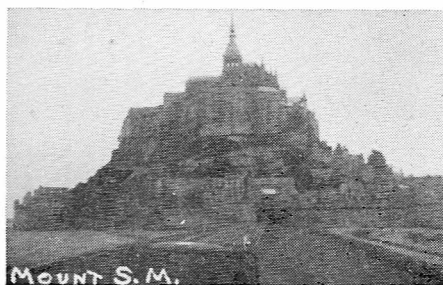
Some time later when contacting the 770 F.A. on the Crozon Peninsula, with Ottney driving and Willits and Manis along, we were shelled by 150 mm guns



SAD CASE



IRELAND MOTOR POOL



MOUNT SAINT MICHELL, FRANCE



FRENCH PEASANTS

for about ten minutes, the closest shells that went off being about 100 yards in front of us, while the one that landed directly in front of us turned out to be a dud, which made us keep our noses buried in the ground an additional 15 minutes or more. Only wish those helmets were larger so I could get all of me inside.

In Luxembourg I happened to be up

beyond Monsdorf looking for an infantry outfit when I located a winery. Some fun! Hope I find another one!

In the Hurtgen Forest, a lieutenant of the 295 A. A. drew his 45 and was going to shoot because I was a stranger and German Paratroopers had been dropped nearby.

—Andrew Johnston

BATTLE OF BREST

REARDON
On September 8th the artillery section sent out a contact party consisting of Sgts. Bluman, Griffin, Brehm, and Cpl. Reardon to the 821st T. D. Bn. on the 8th Div. front. From where we were located they had to travel about 25 miles parallel to the front lines. The outfit was right up in the thick of it and were firing at point blank range. There could also be heard a spattering of small arms fire. After repairing the guns, which took three hours, the boys started back. On the way up, they had noticed a large hill infested with knocked out Jerry positions that overlooked Brest, so on the way back they decided to stop and have a look. They were there just long enough to park the truck in plain sight of a German forward O. P. and walk about ten yards when they heard a shell whining in, followed in a second by another. One landed about 50 yards to their rear and showered them with dirt. The other was farther away. Fortunately, they all hit the dirt and no one was hurt. Griffin insists no one ever hit the dirt as quickly as they did that day.

After their first scare they quickly ran for the truck and got out of there as fast as they could. The next day they returned to the 821st again, and found the hilltop covered with shell craters. Bluman is sure that if they had stayed there a short time longer they would never have seen V-E Day.

While servicing the 2nd, 8th, and 29th Divisions in the Battle for Brest, the artillery section had plenty of work, most of which was contact parties out on the firing line. They had a number of excit-

ing experiences, one of which happened the 13th of September while inspecting 57mm anti-tank guns for the 9th Inf. "F" Company of the Second Division. The contact party consisted of Sgts. Krause and Harrell, Cpls. Keiber and Clark of the artillery section, and Cpl. Bachmann of the Service Section. Our infantry had driven into the outskirts of town not long before, and their A. T. guns were set up on intersections and roads leading to the line.

Sgt. Harrell was left at one of the most forward positions to inspect the guns. Krause, Keiber, Bachmann, and Clark walked single file up the road to another position, noticing numerous machine gun positions set up in doorways and windows. Not knowing they were under observation and within small arms range of a church towards the center of town, they failed to hug the walls as they should have. After they inspected the gun they started back, and the doughboys and medics in the doorways warned them about walking in the open. They no sooner started back when a jeep with two infantry Joes drove up, and Krause warned them of artillery fire up the road. They kept going, and went two blocks when two or three shells burst against the buildings alongside of them. They piled out in a hurry and dove into a doorway. We learned then that the Germans had 40mm ack-ack guns on the hill by the church over-looking the road. The noise was terrific with the incoming shells and our own 75mm tank guns firing just outside of town. We finally arrived at the jeep where Harrell was waiting, and started back up the road on our way out of town and back to camp. The shelling had by this time ceased, so we

urged Harrell to speed it up before it started again, but for some reason he went slow and about that time they sent a few more over where we would have been if we had gone fast. There was no chance to go on through so we turned off on a side road and set behind a brick wall watching the red hot shrapnel flying.

There was an apple tree in a nearby yard so we started eating apples to while away the time. From here we could look over a wall and see our infantry boys firing their machine guns. There was also some return fire from Jerry machine guns.

After about a half hour, firing ceased again so we all piled into the jeep, but no sooner did we do that when more shell fire came over. We sat around again for a half hour, but the shells were getting closer, so close in fact, that some shrapnel hit the road nearby. We all got a laugh at Bachmann. He sat in the middle of the jeep in the back and since he is six foot, five inches tall, one would imagine him slow, but he beat the rest of the men out of the jeep. After another interval of waiting for things to quiet down, we got on our way and didn't gather any moss either.

HOT SPOT

On the morning of December 5th, 1944, we were ordered to have our ten ton wrecker at 704th Ord. LM Co. at 1:00. Sgt. Miller, Sgt. Harris, and Cpl. Jesse were to go with the truck. Upon arriving at headquarters we were told that we were going into a place called "Death Valley" in the Hurtgen Forest. We were to go on battle field recovery for half-tracks that were knocked out by enemy fire.

A First Lieutenant from 704 was to be our guide on the trip and he rode on the wrecker from his company. On the way there we stopped at division headquarters to see if we could get to the vehicles or not, as the day before the Germans held the place where we were going.

On the way through the forest we met several of our trucks coming out with boys who were wounded. We also passed several Germans along the way with their toes up. It sure gave a fellow something to think about. The roads we drove on were almost impassable with deep mud and in many places corduroyed with logs. In many places the ditches had not been swept of mines but we had to pull over anyway to make way for vehicles carrying wounded.

When we reached our objective, we checked the half-track for mines and booby-traps, and then started to hook it up to the wrecker. There was a lot of small arms fire and 88's whistling by, so we did not think much about the planes

we heard until we saw them just as they started to strafe us. The officer ran through a mine field on the side of the road, and fell into a mortar shell hole. We three ran to a fox-hole in a field that was also mined; we all three fit perfectly in the same hole. Both planes were shot down by machine gun fire. One crashed about 100 yards in front of us on the road, and the pilot was burned. The other fell in the woods and we did not go to look at it. If the pilot lived through it, the infantry took care of him. By the time the excitement died down and we had hooked up the vehicle the last rays of daylight had passed and we had the big job of getting out of the woods in complete blackout. It was a slow process and took a lot of strained watching by all of us to follow the road and make the proper turns. We got out of the forest and were well on our way back to the company, still in blackout, when we had the misfortune of running into a ditch on a turn. That really made us sore after having such good luck through the worst of it.

Sgt. Miller, the driver, then was elected to go after a wrecker to pull us out. While he was gone there was a bunch of planes up bombing and strafing but none close. It took only a little while to get the truck out when the wrecker got back.

After several days of this sort of work in the Hurtgen forest for the whole Recovery Section, future jobs were not so bad.

A DAY IN LUXEMBOURG

Ottney
On December 17, S-Sgt. Looman, T-3 Brown, and T-5 Ottney were detailed to make a trip to Luxembourg from Aachen, Germany. The boys were very happy to get a chance to fraternize with the Luxembourg gals again.

They were to spend one day there, and return the following day. Everything was fine until about 8 km. out of Luxembourg, when the engine began to knock very badly. After looking the situation over from all angles, it was decided to return to the 2nd Ord. MM Co. in Luxembourg for necessary repairs, and to start again the following day, which was the 20th.

The news on the radio that night told of a German counter-attack, but gave very few details. At 10:00 a. m. the morning of the 20th they started again for the company. On the road between Arlon and Bastogne, Belgium a 7th Arm'd. Division jeep halted the boys and asked them if the road was clear to Arlon. You can well imagine their thoughts, thinking they were miles behind the line, and having a lieutenant ask if the road was clear. They immediately decided that the front was coming nearer. The lieutenant had just come out of Bastogne and said the road was clear, but could not say how long it would remain so, for he knew the Jerries were within three thousand yards of the road. The assault guns were on the other side of the road.

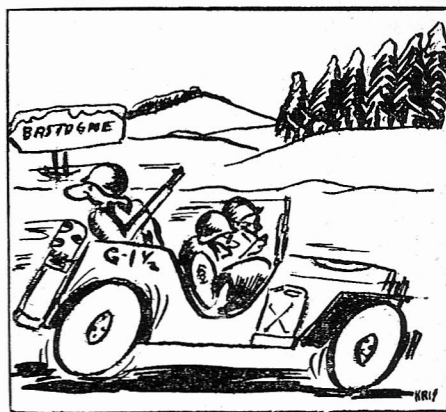
The boys held a pow-wow and decided to try to get there. Upon arriving in Bastogne, they were greeted with incoming artillery shells. Seeing no M. P's. they questioned a master sergeant of the 101st Airborne Division. The sergeant said the M. P's. had withdrawn in the morning. They asked if the road was clear to Houfalize, and he promptly told them that it was taken at 4:00 p. m. the day before and one half km. up the road was the front lines. His advice was to head south in the direction of Paris and report there. A very short pow-wow and they were on

the road south at a high speed. At every intersection was an infantryman asking for the latest news. All along the road were trees with T.N.T. attached to them, ready to block the road on short notice.

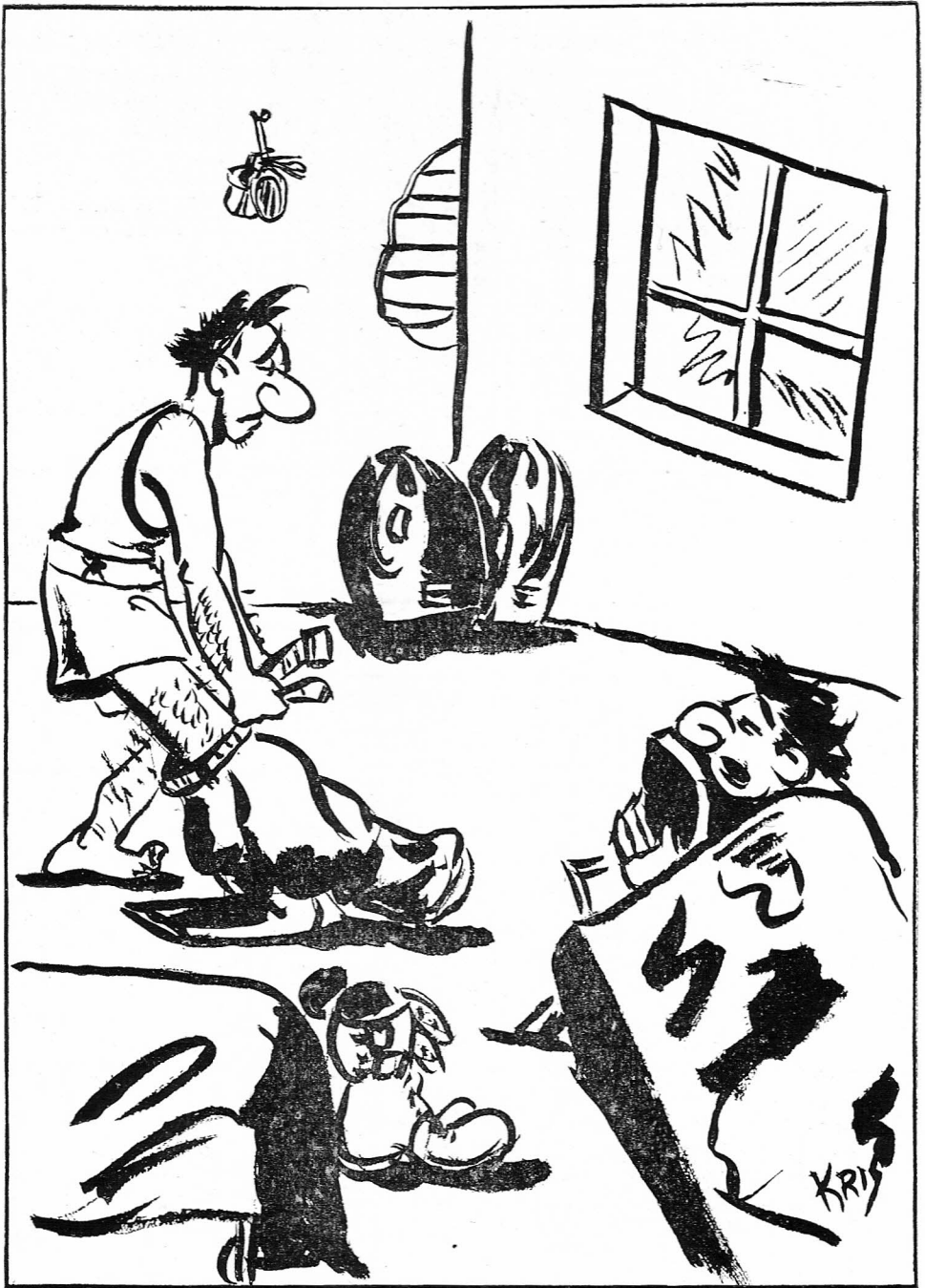
Arriving at Neufchateau, Belgium, they reported to Major Newmaster of 8th Corps. He suggested they return to Luxembourg by a different route, and await orders to join their company. With as little delay as possible they were again on the road to Luxembourg.

After five days of sweating out air raids and paratroopers, they decided to go back to the company without orders. On Christmas morning they started again. Keeping a few miles between them and the front lines, they traveled about 225 miles through the cold, over the icy roads to just outside of Namur, Belgium. It was seven o'clock Christmas night and the Engineers they stayed with gave them some cold chicken and dressing for chow. They say it tasted mighty good even if it was cold, but the coffee thawed them out.

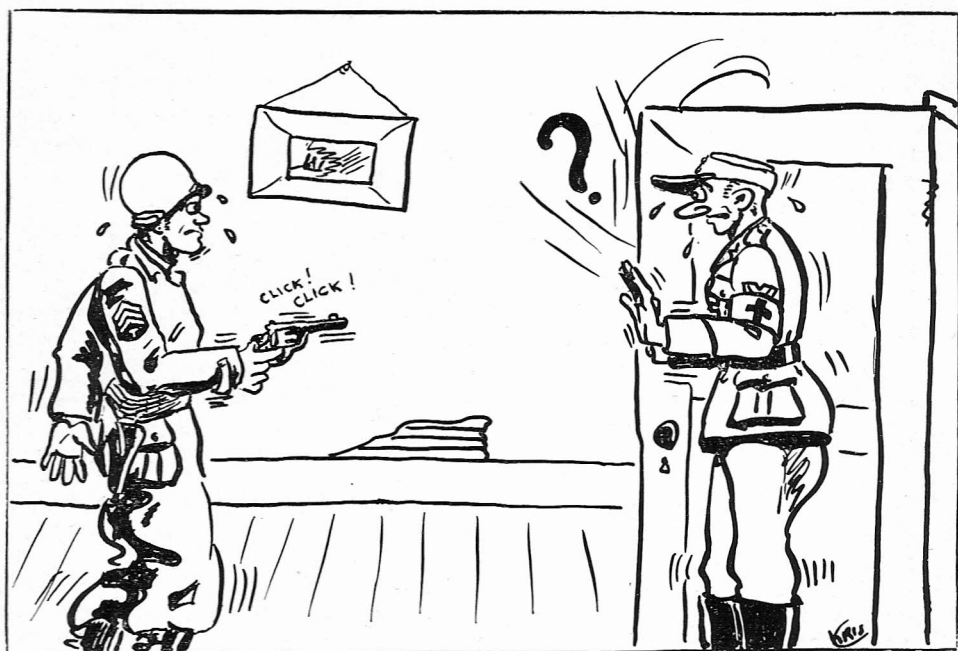
The following morning, bright and early, they arrived back at the company only to find that the general impression was that they were A.W.O.L. After a great deal of explaining, they were taken off the carpet and enjoyed the dog house for a while.



WRONG ROAD



TAKE YOUR TIME—WE GOT 10 SECONDS YET



HOGLET IN ACTION

WHO IS DERE

"WHO IS DERE?"

These words spoken in a strong German accent, stopped me short, brought a clammy sweat to my brow, and made my trembling fingers grip my "Hog-Leg" all the firmer.

Our company had moved into Ahlen, Germany the day it was taken by the U. S. 9th Army. I was looking over the rooms of a house, where my automotive platoon was to be billeted, when this sharp challenge was given. I could see a German soldier in a major's uniform at the top of the stairs. Who was he? Should I

shoot, or find out first? I stepped back, my itching fingers squeezed the trigger, and then I saw the arm band of a medic on the officer's arm. The tension was slightly relieved. The man was a medic for the German Army, and because of the great number of wounded Heinies left behind, he had permission of the Military Government to remain in the city to treat these wounded. His uniform was the cause of many arrests and embarrassments for this arrogant Boche. I was thoroughly surprised by him, and he was almost a dead duck during those first few tense moments of our meeting.

IN CONSTANT DANGER

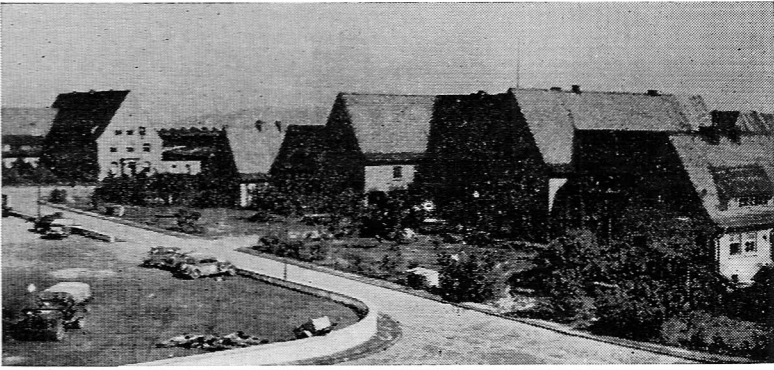
On April 12, while the company was in Halberstadt, Germany, a lieutenant from the 967th First Artillery Battalion came in about 6:30 in the evening, wanting one of our excess 155 howitzers, and also wanting some work done on a gun which was on the line. So T-Sgt. Johnston and Cpl. Clark hooked up a gun and prepared to follow another truck with a load of gasoline. At this time the lieutenant from the artillery was notified that the guns had changed positions to a place near the Elbe River, and that he should proceed to the new area. At about seven thirty p. m., the two trucks pulled out, going fast at first trying to reach the area before dark, but later proceeding with caution when an absence of U. S. vehicles and soldiers was noticed. There was only a very narrow spearhead up to the Elbe, which was in constant danger of being cut off, leaving but few roads that were safe to travel.

It was just getting dusk and up ahead the driver (who incidentally was from the 967th FA) noticed a strange glow in the air, and upon going a mile or two farther found it was a number of houses, barns, and hay stacks burning furiously. Here four two and one-half ton trucks were ambushed and were pinned down for about two hours until two Sherman tanks rolled up. A number of G. I's. were injured, but twenty Germans were captured and a number killed. Our trucks then proceeded on around the corner. Sgt. Johnston happened to be covering the left side of the road with his carbine when he noticed one of the Wermacht in the second story window of a house, but before he could fire the Jerry ducked. The trucks continued on up the middle of the spearhead with Cpl. Clark and his trusty Garand covering one side of the road, and Sgt. Johnston covering the other. By this time it was totally dark, and the lieutenant in the lead truck got lost a number of times, but fortunately we never fell into German hands.

At about 11:00 o'clock we came upon some search light batteries that were on a high hill, and they lit up the whole area for miles around. They were searching for Jerry tanks that were behind the lines. Some time later the gasoline truck broke down, and the one truck set out alone, soon reaching the Service Battery of the 967th. So after getting some information as to the location of the guns of the line, we set out again. It was one o'clock in the morning when they arrived on the line, but it was no time for a rest as there was a gun out of action which had to be repaired immediately. The work was done with the help of a flash light in an old box car that was full of shrapnel holes. At about four in the morning the work was completed, and Sgt. Johnston and Cpl. Clark claimed they were so tired that the guns shooting nearby never handicapped their sleeping. The guns were shooting at a Jerry JU88 that zoomed the length of the train. It later bombed the bridge over the Elbe River. After a very good breakfast we took leave and headed for Halberstadt. The trip back was uneventful.



JERRIES ABOUT?



GERMAN CAMP



CONVOY



RAG TAG CIRCUS

SPEARHEAD SECTION

When the L. S. T. door was opened up on the day we hit Omaha Beach, T-4 Bill Holder and T-Sgt. Bill Davies drove the first company truck onto the beach, followed by T-5 Dewey Blem and T-4 Rabatin. That was the start of the Small Arms Section's spearheading, which they did until V-E Day. We drove, not knowing where we were going, but finally hit our first area, and waited for the rest of the trucks to come in. Then darkness came, along with Jerry, and we got to have our first shooting, which looked like the Fourth of July. This was the start of digging fox-holes, which lasted a long time. Going into our first area after leaving the beach, we were told to watch out and stay on the road because of mines. Then the order came to drive off to the side, and we expected any minute to hit a mine, and have a start to the happy hunting ground. But Lady Luck was with us—no mines!

Not having too much work, we went over to see how the weapons were coming from the front. We soon got used to the mud and blood on them, and were all set for the days that followed. Our first taste of Kraut bombing was something that we will always remember. Some slept in ready-made fox holes, and all you could see after the first flare was black streaks going from tent to fox holes. No one wasted any time!

Then things started happening fast, and we moved frequently, finally stopping at Brest where Rip Ritzert had some experiences up front driving for another section. Some of the other boys also had a taste of close shaves. Here at Brest, Bordy Bordenkircher made his model of the Automatic Carbine, but never really tested it until Luxembourg, where it was fired for approval for two colonels of the 83rd Division. This is where the section started working hard, with half the section at Arlon, and half at Luxembourg. The section motto was, "You break them, and we fix them like new. We aim to please."

Then it was on to Aachen, our second look at Germany, because we entered Kraut-land while at Luxembourg. At

Aachen it was real work. Numerous weapons were repaired and test fired every week. Then came the day that Jerry came over in force, but Rabatin and Davies took on a couple of planes with a 50 M. G. and made it hot for them. Kris Krispinsky and the rest of the section took shots with M1's and BAR's. There was no more air-plane shooting until later on when one Jerry tried to be funny and stop the automotive section from working. He also got everything thrown at him. Those tracers were no picnic! Davies got mad because he could not write letters with everyone else firing M1's and carbines. He came around a log with a light 30 M. G. and did some shooting from the hip. The rumor came the next day that Jerry and plane both were found full of holes. At this area, Bill Holder stopped two Jerries who became our prisoners.

Sometime later while at Odenkirchen, Paul Hussey got shot in the foot while test-firing a tommy gun. Inspecting time came again for the 83rd Division, who were on the Rhine. One night Rabatin brought the "Muskrat" (which was the name of one shop truck) back with shrapnel in one tire, and also some in a fender, but that did not stop the section. They went right back for more the next day, and inspected weapons right on the front line. In the "Spearhead II", the other shop truck, was one bullet hole, but no one was hurt.

Our $\frac{3}{4}$ ton truck, which was named "Rip" was not used very much. Someone else always had more business than we did. When we crossed the Siegfried Line the first time it was "Spearhead II" at 3 o'clock in third gear, third of the month and doing thirty miles per hour. Crossing the Rhine it was at 0140 on Good Friday morning. "The Muskrat" came into Aachen on the 4th from Arlon, where they spent about six weeks, but crossed the Rhine right behind "Spearhead II".

Always seen while the section was test firing weapons was our boy Ralph (Auger) Hertz test firing his faithful M1. Bordy and Trigger Giorgianni always went

babe hunting but never came back together. Rab was always building up his future muskrat farm or going fishing whenever he could. Blem spent most of his time stringing wire for his loud speaker, or for radio. Hussey was always borrowing something. Louie Pressnall was the warden at the P. W. cage. Bill Holder was constantly looking for a bottle or fixing a straight pipe exhaust on "Spearhead II". Rip was constantly getting new rumors and getting Kris all excited; the

two of them were continually teasing each other about their noses.

One big thrill came when Davies and Rabatin mounted and checked two M. G's. for Gen. Patton on two of his jeeps with "Old Blood and Guts" looking on.

With their spearheading in the E. T. O. finished, the whole section, along with the rest of the company, is sweating out the boat home, looking back with satisfaction upon a job well done.

MAINTENANCE REPORT

The automotive section, probably the busiest section of the 128th, made some amazing records while on the continent. Without a single day's break from July 14 until the 8th of May, V-E Day, they turned out an average of twelve jobs per day. In addition to this, inspection teams were frequently sent out to check vehicles that were on the combat line.

On one such occasion four men in four days inspected 820 vehicles during the bulge in knee-deep snow. This was accomplished by an amazing production line system. One man inspected certain parts of the vehicle and another man a different part.

Every effort was made to meet our quota and to do a good job. In trying to meet our quota the supply problem was probably one of the most difficult. The average run for supplies was 80 miles per day. Someway, however, the boys in the supply section were able to keep parts moving to us.

The company repaired everything from watches to locomotives. Everyone deserves credit for the smooth efficiency displayed many times through the co-operation between sections.

Countless numbers of artillery pieces and small arms were repaired. A full

automatic carbine was invented and developed in our small arms section. In addition to their work many periodic inspections were made.

During the several months we serviced the 83rd Division an average of three hundred watches were repaired every month by two men working every day. Because of the short supply of watch crystals they had to be made from plexiglass. In addition to the watches the Instrument Section was very busy most of the time on optical work. A new waterproofing compound was developed to use on instruments.

An engine rebuild was set up in Luxembourg because of the shortage of new engines. Twenty-five G. M. C. engines were rebuilt for deadlined vehicles. At Forderstedt eleven engines were replaced with new ones in a single day.

The fastest job that was ever put out in the automotive section in the company or any other company that we know of, was changing an engine in a jeep. One hour and twenty minutes after Sgt. Rusk, Cpl. Barham, Cpl. Lawrence and Cpl. Schaefer went to work they had the jeep on the road ready for service. This is just to prove that when there is a job to do in a hurry, it can be done.



THE LONG AWAITED LETTER FROM A BUDDY

THE CONVERT

The company had just pulled into the area, but already the vehicles were in the protecting shadows of the hedgerows, each blended skillfully into the surroundings by its huge camouflage net.

"After the vehicles are camouflaged EVERYONE will dig a slit trench," the first sergeant had instructed. "No one will go to bed tonight unless his trench is dug."

Ted Connor was griped. The afternoon was hot and the ground in this part of France was particularly hard clay. He leaned on his pick, WPA fashion, and wiped the perspiration from his eyes with the back of his hand. Stripped to the waist, his muscular arms and torso suggested that this was not the first time he had wielded a pick and shovel.

"A slit trench is a foot wide, at least four feet deep and as long as the intended occupant, Basic Field Manual twenty-one dash one hundred," he intoned sarcastically.

"Moan, you bastard, moan," yelled Andy Jenkins from the other side of their pup tent. He stopped shoveling for a moment and grinned at Ted. The two had been tent mates ever since they had hit the ETO, but Andy was of a more philosophic nature. Digging slit trenches was just something else you had to put up with 'til the Jerries were herded back to the Fatherland—like KP and Tech Sergeants.

"How long we been in France?" growled Ted.

"Oh, about six weeks," replied Andy after some hesitation.

"Okay, and how many slit trenches have you dug?"

"About eight."

"Ever use any of 'em?"

"Nope."

"Every see a Jerry plane?"

"Nope."

"No, and you never will! If old

Schickelgruber and his boys have a plane left they're saving it to take a powder."

"Maybe," said Andy, "but Joe Zibilski was in the advance party and he said they bomb and strafe around here every night."

"Aw, that Polack is just like all the rest of these U. S. O. soldiers. A June bug comes within ten feet of him and he dives for his hole." Ted grasped his pick and swung it over his head into the hard earth. "If the old man wasn't so chicken, we wouldn't be breaking our backs every time we moved. The only things these holes are good for are cigarette butts and chewing gum wrappers," he concluded.

"Well, all I know is that I'm going home, and a little shovel insurance is the cheapest investment toward getting there. If that's what it takes, I'll dig to China."

"Yeah, one more foot and they'd nail you for desertion."

They resumed their digging and only an occasional oath from Ted mingled with the scraping of the shovels and the dull metallic sound as a pick ground against a rock. A flight of planes droned across the almost cloudless sky. Andy paused and squinted into the sun.

"P-47's," he announced.

"Yeah, and as long as those babies are up there, we've got nothing to worry about," Ted answered. "I'm two feet odwn and that's plenty for your boy."

He finished shoveling the loose dirt out, piled it around the sides in a loose parapet, and stuck his shovel into the ground. Walking over to the other side of the pup tent, he sat down, leaned back against the apple tree and eyed Andy with an amused grin.

"Keep swinging, Junior, and maybe you'll get a card in the grave digger's union."

Andy laughed, dropped his shovel and laid down full length in the hole

which was now about four feet deep. The back of his head hit the far end.

"It's damned funny," he said getting up and brushing the dirt off his fatigues, "but every time I dig one of these I lay down on the ground first and measure it off exactly before I begin. It always turns out to be too short."

"And there never seems to be as much dirt when you fill it in as there was when you dug it out," replied Ted. "Come on, it's time for chow."

It was about ten o'clock and the half light of evening was becoming the darkness of night. The two soldiers were sprawled under the apple tree before their tent. The rest of the company was scattered about the area. Some played cards, some listened to the radio in front of the CP, but mostly they just sat around in pairs or small groups and talked—about the war—about their favorite girls—about what they'd do when they got back to the States.

"When I hit the States I'm going to get a mattress about three feet thick and a dozen pillows. I won't get up for a month," said Andy, yawning sleepily. "A beautiful blonde will bring in my meals on a tray, and up on the ceiling I'll have a barrel of beer with a hose running down to my mouth. All I'll have to do is lay there and let it gurgle into me."

"Me too," responded Ted enthusiastically. "Good old American beer! Man, wasn't that Limey stuff awful!"

They sat in silence, each lost in his own thoughts of home and the pleasures to be enjoyed there when the war was over.

"What's that?" said Ted suddenly, rising to a sitting position. His reverie had been punctuated by a throaty, muffled rumble in the distance. Both boys got to their feet and walked out from under the tree to where they could get a better view. There against the black curtain of the eastern sky ack ack and tracer shells made a seemingly endless criss-cross pattern, like a fireworks manufacturer's dream of the Last Days of Pompeii.

"Looks like Herman the German, might have a plane or two left after all," said Andy.

"Could be," answered Ted, "but if so they're after bigger game than us. Let's hit the sack." He crawled into the tent. Andy followed.

"Taking your clothes off tonight?" he queried.

"Sure, why not?" Ted replied. "I've slept with 'em off every night since I've been in France. Don't see why tonight should be any exception."

"I guess I will too then," said Andy.

They lay there in the darkness not saying anything. The ack-ack still barked occasionally, but otherwise the silence was complete. Then it came. At first it was so faint that Andy wondered if he was the victim of his own imagination. He strained his ears. Yes, there it was, the unmistakable sound of airplane engines. "Our planes are grounded after dark," the thought flashed through his mind. The sound grew steadily louder and soon he could tell it was quite a formation. Har-UM, HarUM, HarUM they went with that pulsating throb so characteristic of German engines. "Like a mechanical heart in some flying Frankenstein," he thought.

"Ted," he whispered.

"Yeah?" came back the answer from the darkness.

"You awake?"

"Yeah."

"German planes."

"Uh huh."

They listened. Andy raised up on one elbow and opened the tent flap.

"Jesus!" he swore softly, but with emphasis, "looks like Times Square on Saturday night."

Ted leaned on one elbow and peered out disinterestedly. Their area was on the perimeter of a huge circle of light, perhaps several miles in diameter. Parachute flares hung in the sky and descended so slowly that they seemed to be pinned to the curtain of the night. All the while the planes flew back and forth overhead, very audible, but still invisible. It was a helpless feeling laying there in the darkness, with death hovering in the air, like a man on the guillotine waiting for the blade to fall. Ted didn't seem to be impressed. He peered out at the brilliant light for about five seconds.

"Taking pictures," he announced and

rolling back onto the ground, he pulled his blankets over his head and prepared to go to sleep. Andy wasn't so confident. He seemed fascinated by that circle of light. A plane passed overhead and the sides of the tent shook from the vibration. Two green flares suddenly appeared from somewhere in the center of the brilliant white backdrop. Andy groped for his shoes and trousers and hurriedly donned them. Planes now seemed to be flying directly overhead. They went over one at a time a few seconds apart. The roar of their engines welled up within Andy until he thought his brain would burst. The old apple tree shook violently. BRRMP, BRRMP, BRRMP, BRRMP—the first cluster of bombs went off in a rapid staccato of bursts. The concussion almost flattened the little pup tent. The flaps waved wildly. Ted sat up suddenly—fear shone in his eyes.

"Andy," he called.

No answer.

"Andy," he repeated more urgently, "where are you?"

"Out here in my hole." The small voice seemed to come from nowhere.

BRRMP, BRRMP, BRRMP — the bombs came rapidly now. Red flashes filled the air and the earth trembled. Ted scrambled from the tent and flung himself headlong into the slit trench, his heart pounding rapidly. It didn't matter that he was clad only in his shorts—that the night was cold—that the earth was damp. This was just a matter of living. The trench which had seemed so deep in the afternoon now seemed pitifully inadequate. The first bombers had completed their run and now circled for a second one. The raid was at its height and the explosions reached a savage crescendo of hate and fury. Ted dug his fingernails into the hard clay and hugged closer to the good earth.

"A slit trench is a foot wide and at least four feet deep," he remembered. "The only things these holes are good for are cigarette butts and chewing gum wrappers." The planes droned off into the distance, but violent explosions still shook the earth.

At chow the next morning the raid was the only topic of conversation, and had already produced its share of rumors.

"They say twenty men were killed in an area about a mile from here."

"Where were you?"

"Down in my hole. Where were you?"

"Same place and digging deeper by the moment."

"Did you see the green and red lights?"

"Hell no. I had my nose up against a worm's."

"I hear they hit a big ammunition dump over there."

"That's probably what went all night."

"Didja hear that small arms ammunition sing out?"

Andy Jenkins washed his mess kit, and strolled back to his tent. At first he didn't see Ted, but as he came closer he heard the sound of a pick digging into the solid earth. Ted was in up to his chest and still digging. Andy looked down at him solemnly. Ted paused a minute to change from pick to shovel and to catch a breath.

"Oh, hello Andy," he said when he noticed him.

"Did you eat?" asked Andy.

"No, I didn't," said Ted.

"What's the matter? Not deep enough?"

"Nope" said Ted with a half hearted grin. "I'm going down about a foot more and then dig in under. There 're some big logs over in the next field and I'll make a roof out of those and pile all this dirt on top. Fella, after last night I've decided one thing—I'M GOING HOME."

Bob Kirstein



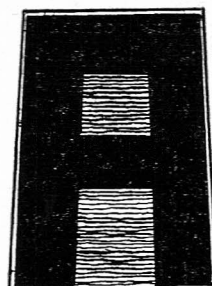
FREEZOR, AUXIER



SECOND ARMY



THIRD ARMY



FIRST ARMY



NINTH ARMY



2nd DIVISION



94th DIVISION



83rd DIVISION



SERVICE SECTION

Standing—Sweeney, Cramer, Mance, Fix, Suhadolnik, Gentile.
Sitting—Eilerman, Mitchell, Shannon, Adkins, Bachmann, Hecklinger.



ARTILLERY SECTION

Top Row—Bluman, Johnston, Ottney, Clark, Rush, Kieber.
Middle Row—Forgatsch, Weirich, Beran, Reardon, Combs.
Bottom Row—Krause, Griffin, Lt. Stechmiller, Harrell, Brehm.



SUPPLY SECTION

Standing—Urich, Krick, Skirvin, Kristein, Cooper, Lee, Smith.
Sitting—Ryan, Dildine, Page, Harris, Koerber.



HEADQUARTERS SECTION

Standing—Manis, Looman, Rattigan, Morris.
Sitting—Carlue, Kosir, Skowron, Sheldon.



INSTRUMENT SECTION

Upper—Nichols, Rothermel, Patsko, Kennedy.

Lower—Willits, Graff, Burnstein, Miletzki, Martin, Mann.



RECOVERY SECTION

Standing—Myers, Broadwater, Breining, Saylor, Harris, Miller.

Sitting—Sabol, Bremenour, Jesse.



MORGAN'S SQUAD

Standing—Doane, Neff, Davis.
Squatting—Morgan, Hume, P. Smith.



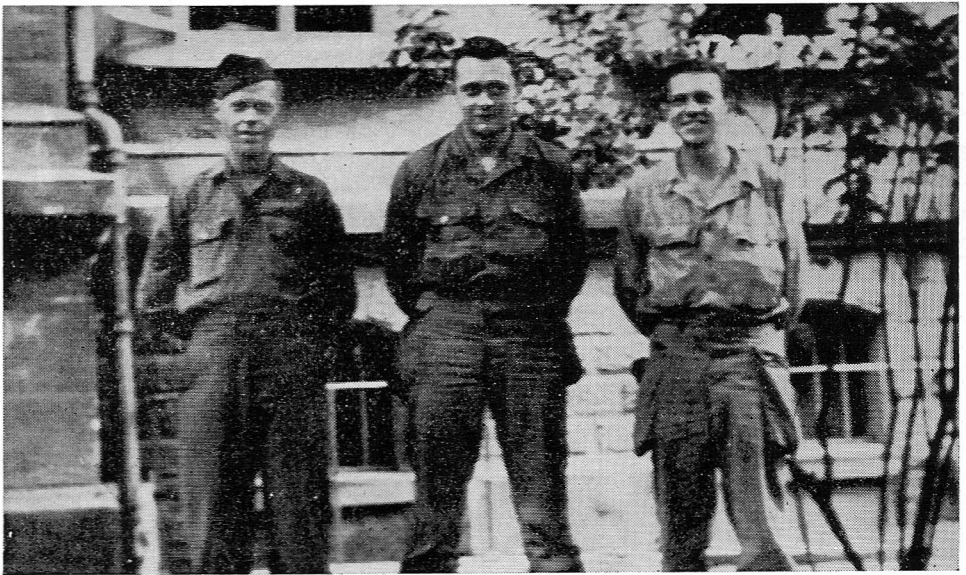
McCORKLE'S SQUAD

Standing—Williams, Shumaker, F. Cunningham, A. Thompson.
Squatting—Pacholski, McCorkle, Hobbs.



BROWN'S SQUAD

Standing—Johnson, Brown, D. Smith, Ooley.
Squatting—Silvestro, Sidor.



BOOS' SQUAD

Boos, Ferree, Pate.



AUTOMOTIVE CHIEFS

Stuessel, Johnston, Black.



RUSK'S SQUAD

Schaefer, Barham, Lawrence, Rusk.



PULLEY'S SQUAD

Standing—Pulley, Naruszewicz.
Sitting—Reinsell, Warner, Rader.



NICHOLSON'S SQUAD

Nicholson, Theriac, Luckett.



McALLISTER'S SQUAD

Standing—McAllister, Morgan.
Squatting—Street, Acord.



SCHMIDT'S SHIFT

Standing—Haven, Desmond, C. Baker.
Squatting—Stieg, Schmidt.



GOINS' SHIFT

Standing—Metz, Hall, Van Dyke.
Squatting—Morton, Papon, Goins.



NEWGENT'S SQUAD

Standing—Newgent, P. Baker, J. McNamara.
Squatting—Stiefferman, Vahary.



SIKERITZKY'S SQUAD

Standing—Sikeritzky, C. Smith.
Sitting—Zekanis, Savill, Rue.



SMALL ARMS SECTION

Standing—Rabatin, Hertz, Blem, Holder, Ritzert, Giorgianni, Krispinsky.
Squatting—Davies, Bordenkircher, Pressnall, Hussey.



1st LT. ALVIN T. WILEY



1st LT. HERBERT B. URICH



W. O. J. G. WILLIAM T. BRIDGES



1st LT. WALTER O. KOEHLER



1st LT. VICTOR D. DAHLIN



1st LT. GERALD B. HARMS

EX-COMPANY OFFICERS

1st Lieutenant William Stechmiller was with the company from February 1943 until November 1944. He was in charge of the armament platoon. Lt. Stechmiller left the company and returned to the United States due to a knee injury.

2nd Lieutenant Reed Hubbell was with the company from February 1943 until August 1944. He was Headquarters Officer. Lt. Hubbell was transferred to the 839th Ordnance Depot.

1st Lieutenant Steele was with the company a few months at Camp McCoy

and then was transferred to the 271st Ordnance M. M. Company.

1st Lieutenant William E. Dunson was with the company a few weeks in Germany and Belgium before he was killed in action.

1st Lieutenant Beatis was with the company only a few days and then was transferred to the 590th Ordnance Company.

2nd Lieutenant Hall was with the company a few days and then transferred to the 52nd Group. He was a West Point graduate.

"OLD 128"

Now that the war is over, and some of the world is free,

I dedicate this poem to some boys who worked with me.

What can one company do, most everyone asks? and I answer

When working together, they do a most difficult task.

We are no better than any other Joes,

We were picked for this job, so we had to go.

And, what is our job, do you want to know?

We repair anything, truck, tank, or watch, and make it go.

It sounds simple, I know, to read how it's done.

War's a tough game and it's not played for fun.

The stress and the strain is no laughing matter,

You jump for a hole, when machine guns clatter,

And you lay there trembling. Will it be me this time, you ask?

It's true the Ordnance is no front line team, but

Close to the front the 128th could always be seen.

We worked from daylight to dark every day of the week,

At the end of the day 'twas no trouble to sleep;

You were tired all over, from your head to your feet.

We worked in the fields, rain, sleet, and snow,

To have our jobs finished and ready to go.

From the beaches of Normandy 'till the Elbe was in sight,

We convoyed and worked thru the day and the night.

For all the words that might be spoken,

Five battle stars, are our token;

They tell the tale of our record unbroken.

The Stars and the Service Plaque tell what I mean,

No greater company could ever be seen.

So with these parting words, I bid you good-bye,

And hope to see you all in the sweet by and by.

—Charlie Morgan

NAMES, NICKNAMES, AND HOME ADDRESSES

OFFICERS

Capt. George E. (The Old Man) Lien
No. 5 Park Ave.
Port Washington, New York

1st Lt. Victor D. (Vic) Dahlin
7935 Coles Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

1st Lt. Gerald B. (Charms) Harms
503 Butterwood Ave.
Bowling Green, Ohio

1st Lt. Herbert B. (Herb) Urich
2728 N. 47th Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

1st Lt. Alvin T. (Senator) Wiley
918 E. Denny Way
Seattle, Washington

1st Lt. Walter O. (Pockets) Koehler
3523 Albemarle St. N. W.
Washington, D. C.

W. O. J. G. William T. (Tommy) Bridges
Bozman, Maryland

1st Lt. William Earle Dunson
Box 18
Foley, Alabama

KIA

HEADQUARTERS SECTION

1st Sgt. Charles E. (Sparky) Rattigan
R. R. 2
Waynesburg, Pennsylvania

M/Sgt. John R. (Master) Morris
R. R. 3
Conneautville, Pennsylvania

S/Sgt. James J. (Jim) Looman
543½ Market Street
Steubenville, Ohio

S/Sgt. George M. (GG) Papson
150-68 86th Street
Jamaica, New York, New York

S/Sgt. Carroll E. (Bucket) Sheldon
320 Walnut Street
Rising Sun, Indiana

T/3 Walter F. (Walt) Skowron
248 E. Main St.
Frankfort, New York

T/4 William H. Goins
c/o Mrs. James Goins
628 Camtrill Street
Irvine, Kentucky

T/4 Clarence J. (Smitty) Schmidt
1102 Beeler Street
New Albany, Indiana

T/5 Sheldon E. (Shelly) Haven
219 W. Vine St.
Oxford, Ohio

T/5 Jesse J. (Jack) Manis
R. R. 11, Box 303 M
Indianapolis 44, Indiana

T/5 Charles R. (Dan'l) Mitchell
R. F. D. 2
Uhrichsville, Ohio

T/5 Frederick J. (Major) Stieg
502 Fitton Ave.
Hamilton, Ohio

Pfc. Clarence A. (Smiley) Baker
Winchester, Ohio

Pfc. Lee B. (Sunshine) Beaty
327 W. Alpine
Tulare, California

Pfc. Charles A. (Chuck) Desmond
816 Adams Street
Wilmington, Delaware

Pfc. William E. (Duke) Feezor
329 Thurman St.
Paducah, Kentucky

Pfc. Clarence H. Metz, Jr.
402 N. Harrison St.
Brazil, Indiana

Pfc. Charles D. (Jock) Whorton
2205½ 1st Street
Moundsville, W. Virginia

T/5 Joseph C. Kosir
1008 E. 66th Pl.
Cleveland 3, Ohio

SUPPLY SECTION

T/Sgt. Frank A. (The Brain) Krick Jr.
200 W. Main Street
Chillicothe, Ohio

Sgt. Harry E. (Deadline) Dildine
564 Edgemont Rd.
Newark, Ohio

T/4 Herbert S. (Herb) Page
15421 Homewood Ave.
Warren, Ohio

T/4 Ralph C. (Mac) Skirvin
R. R. 2
Bloomington, Indiana

T/5 Garnet R. Auxier
Malden, W. Virginia

T/5 Charles W. (Poo) Bowers
1407 W. Rosewood Ave.
San Antonio, Texas

T/5 Dale D. (Coop) Cooper
775 S. Eureka Ave.
Columbus, Ohio

T/5 Kenneth B. (Jap) Harris
309 Tyler Ave.
Canton, Ohio

T/5 Wilbur M. Harris
206 Walker St.
Loogootee, Indiana

T/5 Robert D. (Bob) Kirstein
3936 N. Cliff Lane
Cincinnati, Ohio

T/5 Leo A. (Lee) Koerber
R. R. 1
Borden, Indiana

T/5 Robert J. (Bob) Lee
3327 Bradford Rd.
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

T/5 Patrick J. (Pat) Ryan
512 Park Blvd.
Worthington, Ohio

Ffc. Curtiss T. Smith
R. R. 1
Castalia, North Carolina

SERVICE SECTION

S/Sgt. Donald G. (Heck) Hecklinger
1914 Seamon Street
Toledo 5, Ohio

T/3 Dwayne Fix
Attica, Indiana

T/3 Domonic A. (Shorty) Gentile
R. R. 1
South Amherst, Ohio

T/4 Charles R. (Charlie) Adkins
Wayland, Kentucky

T/4 Richard W. (Dick) Baker
90 N. Princeton Ave.
Columbus, Ohio

T/4 Henry J. (Hank) Mitchell
1343 E. 81st Street
Cleveland, Ohio

T/5 Theodore N. (Slim) Bachmann
963 Brunt Street
Louisville, Kentucky

T/5 Harry E. (P-38) Cramer
220 W. Tenth Street
Uhrichsville, Ohio

T/5 Paul A. (Husky) Eilerman
932 Hotch Street
Cincinnati 2, Ohio

T/5 Edward J. (Eddy) Mance
959 E. 69th St.
Cleveland, Ohio

T/5 William J. (Brooklyn) Shannon
496 13th St.
Brooklyn, New York

T/5 William (Bill) Suhadolnik
1168 I. 58th Street
Cleveland 3, Ohio

T/5 Emanuel E. (Zeke) Sweeney
R. R. 7
Hamilton, Ohio

SMALL ARMS SECTION

T/Sgt. William D. (Bill) Davies 523 Union St. Taylor, Pennsylvania	T/4 George M. (Kris) Krispinsky 611 Samuel St. Youngstown, Ohio
T/3 Frank A. (Trigger) Giorgianni 61 Roosevelt Street Paulsboro, New Jersey	T/5 Dewey K. (Hoosier) Blem R. R. 4 Box 272 Bluffton, Indiana
Sgt. Paul E. (Mooch) Hussey 2729 Woodburn Ave. Cincinnati, Ohio	T/5 Ralph (Auger) Hertz Jr. 1192 Highland Street Columbus, Ohio
T/4 Richard E. (Bordie) Bordenkircher 1409 E. Main St. Coshocton, Ohio	T/5 George J. (Rip) Ritzert 1606 Oakwood Pl. N. W. Canton 3, Ohio
T/4 Roy W. (Bill) Holder 221 Johnson Street Covington, Indiana	Pvt. Lewis F. (Louie) Pressnall Shirley, Indiana
T/4 Robert S. (Rab) Rabatin 3924 Fairmount Blvd. N. E. Canton, Ohio	

INSTRUMENT SECTION

T/Sgt. George J. (Nick) Nichols 190 S. Union St. Gary, Indiana	T/4 Fred J. Rothermel 1010 20th Street Logansport, Indiana
S/Sgt. Jonathan E. (John) Willits R. R. 1 Greenfield, Indiana	T/5 Sanford (Sam) Burstein 2100 City View Ave. Los Angeles 33, California
T/3 Bernard (B) Graff 6436 S. Morgan Chicago 21, Illinois	T/5 Maurice B. (Maury) Mann 614 N. Courtland Ave. Kokomo, Indiana
T/3 Joseph L. (Joe) Kennedy 1212 Vine Street Bowling Green, Kentucky	T/5 Herman (Mike) Miletski 2380 W. 42nd Street Cleveland 13, Ohio
T/4 Bernard J. (Pat) Patsko 2304 W. 37th St. Cleveland, Ohio	T/5 Casimer (Whity) Jablonski 12039 Gallagher Hamtramck, Michigan
T/4 Joseph G. (Joe) Martin 915 Campbell Columbus 8, Ohio	

Wounded

ARTILLERY SECTION

- | | |
|---|--|
| T/Sgt. Andrew R. (Andy) Johnston
243 Mill St.
Newburgh, New York | T/5 Aaron J. (Horizontal) Beran
1039 Findlay St.
Cincinnati 14, Ohio |
| S/Sgt. Paul H. (Goebbels) Weirich
148 Prospect Street
Oak Harbor, Ohio | T/5 Robert W. (Sack) Clark
6502 Coleridge Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio |
| T/3 John (Moe) Bluman
1605 Stanley St. N. E.
Canton, Ohio | T/5 James A. (Jam) Combs
2919 Rosewood Pl. N. W.
Canton 3, Ohio |
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1432 Kingston Ave.
Norfolk, Virginia | T/5 Louis W. (Frogskin) Forgatsch
324 Ohio Ave.
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R. R. 3 Klotz Ave.
Canton, Ohio | T/5 William J. (Whitey) Keiber
2522 Ridgeland Pl.
Pleasant Ridge, Cincinnati, Ohio |
| T/4 Edwin G. (Pop) Brehm
1654 Illif Ave., Price Hill,
Cincinnati, Ohio | T/5 Richard P. (G-1½) Ottney
610 W. Madison St.
Gibsonburg, Ohio |
| T/4 Orby H. (Griff) Griffin
1319 S. 8th St.
Paducah, Kentucky | T/5 Vincent R. (Tanglefoot) Reardon
1225 Cherry St.
Fremont, Ohio |
| T/4 Warren H. (Ha Ha) Rush
2915 N. 26th St.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania | |

EVACUATION SECTION

- | | |
|---|--|
| T/Sgt. Joseph J. (Joe) Sabol
Box 21
Murrysville, Pennsylvania | T/5 Wendell J. (Windy) Breining
6500 Montgomery Rd.
Cincinnati, Ohio |
| T/3 Russell E. (Russ) Miller
Box 5
Thurston, Ohio | T/5 Walter F. (Butch) Bremenour
Box 161
Cardale, Pennsylvania |
| Sgt. Ralph R. (Nappy) Myers
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St. Paul, Virginia |
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Veedersburg, Indiana | T/5 George W. (Hypho) Saylor
R. R. 5
Johnson City, Tennessee |
| T/4 Robert R. (Bob) Broadwater
Roscoe, Ohio | |

AUTOMOTIVE SECTION

- T/Sgt. John E. (Johnny) Johnstone
710 Fairmont Place
Bronx, New York
- S/Sgt. Edward R. (Blackie) Black
c/o Mrs. P. C. Torrey
501 F St.
Taft, California
- S/Sgt. Rueben H. (Rube) Stuessel
R. R. 2, Box 133
Sparta, Wisconsin
- T/3 Bernard L. (Whiskey) Boos
2004 Woodward Ave.
Detroit, Michigan.
- T/3 Paul C. (Brown) Brown
333 Washington St.
Frackville, Pennsylvania
- T/3 James E. (Mac) McAllister
17412 Fernshaw Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio
- T/3 Max E. (Salt) McCorkle
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Greenfield, Indiana
- T/3 Charles M. (Charlie) Morgan
Box 3
Arlington, Kentucky
- T/3 Robert D. (Pappy) Newgent
R. R. 4
Greencastle, Indiana
- T/3 Charles R. (Happy) Nicholson
2811 Cleveland Ave. S. W.
Canton 7, Ohio
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421 North Boots St.
Marion, Indiana
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R. R. 13 Mt. Washington
Nordyke Rd.
Cincinnati, Ohio
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R. R. 2
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145 Hemlock St.
West Haven, Connecticut
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217 Summer St.
Elyria, Ohio
- T/4 Albert W. (Bill) Cain
1408 Oakgrove Ave.
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6 Carson St.
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New Martinsville, W. Virginia
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R. R. 1
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- T/4 Eugene J. (Chink) Pacholski
1071 Fernwood Ave.
Toledo, Ohio
- T/4 Lawrence C. (Larry) Rue
216 East 7th St.
Lexington, Kentucky
- T/4 Larson N. (Savage) Savill
R. R. 2
Pendleton, Indiana
- T/4 Robert J. Silvestro
10826 Frank Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio
- T/4 Calvin D. (Smitty) Smith
R. R. 2
Greenfield, Indiana
- T/4 Edward J. (Ed) Stiefferman
3843 Labadie Ave.
St. Louis, Missouri
- T/4 James V. (Jim) Vahary
3940 Monroe St.
Gary, Indiana
- T/4 Glenn W. (Glennie) Warner
Box 158
Washingtonville, Ohio
- T/4 Joyce E. (Willie) Williams
720 W. Cleveland
Hartford City, Indiana
- T/5 Paul N. (Chaplain) Baker
318 North Beech St.
Oxford, Ohio

wounded

KIA

T/5 Wilford R. (Jack) Barham
4431 Kennedy Ave.
East Chicago, Illinois

T/5 David H. (Davey) Carlue Jr.
1005 Church St.
Indianapolis, Indiana

T/5 Frank L. (Doc) Cunningham
22 Ohio Ave.
Charleston, West Virginia

T/5 Charles T. (Chubby) Halfhill
R. R. 3
Georgetown, Ohio

T/5 Gordon E. (Blackout) Johnson
Apt. 1, 1415 Ann St.
Racine, Wisconsin

T/5 Roy E. (Mousey) Lawrence
R. R. 1
Walhonding, Ohio

T/5 Archie L. (Arch) Luckett
720 West Oak St.
Louisville 8, Kentucky

T/5 Johnnie C. Means
R. R. 3
Madison, Indiana

T/5 Melvin Pate
408 South Elmwood St.
Medina, Ohio

T/5 Myron L. (2½) Rader
R. R. 1
Jeffersonville, Ohio

T/5 Frank (Muscles) Reinshell Jr.
R. R. 1
New Plymouth, Ohio

T/5 Orville J. Sarver
915 E. Court Ave.
Jeffersonville, Indiana

T/5 Herschel A. (Thubert) Schaefer
474 Inca St.
Denver, Colorado

T/5 Fred C. W. (Fritz) Schroeder
7502 Lexington Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio

T/5 Eugene R. Sharkey
228 Arceme Ave.
Lexington, Kentucky

T/5 Lloyd R. (Moe) Shumaker
R. R. 2
Veedersburg, Indiana

T/5 Walter R. (Walt) Sidor
4932 North Cotte Ave.
East Chicago, Indiana

T/5 Doyle M. Smith
1928 8th St. N. E.
Canton, Ohio

T/5 Luther D. (Red) Acord
Lester, W. Virginia

T/5 Paul A. (Nigger) Smith
111 Wisconsin Blvd.
Dayton 8, Ohio

T/5 Richard H. (Dick) Soukup
1914 Clark Ave.
Cleveland 9, Ohio

T/5 Jesse R. (Shorty) Street
R. R. 2
Jacobsburg, Ohio

T/5 Elias J. (Ted) Theriac
Zimmer's Trailer Court
R. R. 2, Box 224
Jeffersonville, Indiana

T/5 Glen (Stud) Trinkle
Valeene, Indiana

T/5 Giles E. (Colonel) Vandyke
Lucasville, Ohio—Star Route

T/5 Anthony (Zeke) Zekanis
776 East 91st St.
Cleveland, Ohio

Pfc. Robert B. Cunningham
780 Second St.
Beaver, Pennsylvania

Pfc. Burley E. (Red) Davis
R. R. 5
Ellig, Georgia

Pfc. Harry (Ugg) Doane
R. R. 2
Austin, Indiana

Pfc. Kenneth B. Hall
1121 Grove St.
Middleton, Ohio

Pfc. Raymond E. Hartsock
R. R. 3
Fresno, Ohio

Pfc. Elmer F. (Speedy) Merz
546 W. Chew St.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Pfc. Robert D. (Bob) Learned
Burncaat St.
Spencer, Massachusetts

Pvt. Alton E. (Pee Wee) Morgan
Box 53
Glenmora, Louisiana

Pvt. Earl F. (Mort) Morton
1117 Highland Rd.
Charleston, West Virginia

Pvt. Allen J. (Tommy) Thompson
47 Whitney St.
Ludlow, Massachusetts

Pvt. William W. (Bill) Grassmeier
Council Bluffs, 129 Glen Ave.
Hamburg, Iowa

ONE TIME MEMBERS

Bobby A. Abell
2625 Jones St.
Paducah, Kentucky

Virgil M. Anderson
R. R. 2
Hagerstown, Indiana

John R. Anthony
R. R. 2
Middletown, Ohio

Robert F. Baker
7797 Church Rd.
Fox Chase, Pennsylvania

Adin L. Beard
1063 Lullivant Ave.
Columbus, Ohio

John V. Bernard
1136 Connecticut St.
Gary, Indiana

Harold L. Blehm
Bazine, Kansas

Andrew Boyer
10743 Edbrook Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

Donald E. Bown
R. R. 1
Hamilton, Ohio

Leland B. Brim
210 Warren St.
Mitchell, Indiana

George M. Bukoski
1618 Oakwood Pl. N. W.
Canton, Ohio

Chester G. Carter
1128 S. Pearl St.
Columbus, Ohio

Carl Copley
Monclo, West Virginia

A. M. Cummins
General Delivery
Medford, Oklahoma

William C. Cunningham
46 McKinley St.
Franklin, Pennsylvania

Nicholas Donato
11 N. 7th St.
Braddock, Pennsylvania

Arthur W. Enright
Service St.
Penegrove, Pennsylvania

Louis D. Fitzpatrick
Prescott, Wisconsin

John E. Fry
808 Richard St.
Dayton, Ohio

Merlin R. Galpin
717 N. Dorchester
Royal Oak, Michigan

Richard J. Garber
Saginaw, Michigan

David Gibbons
454 Court Ave.
Cedar Hurst, Long Island
New York

Floyd R. Groskurd
R. R. 1
Otisco, Indiana

John J. Guilfooy
2305 Penna. Ave. S. E.
Washington, D. C.

Kermit L. Hammack
Harlan, Kentucky

Arthur W. Hammond
807 Wade St.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Boyd M. Hamon
1623½ N. Washington St.
Charleston, W. Virginia

Jack E. Hart
Box 63
Imlay, Nevada

Ernest Hautala
Box 338
Buhl, Minnesota

Earl W. Hawkey
P. O. Box 137
Eldorado, Ohio

Lawrence O. Hedgecock
Harper, W. Virginia

Richard C. Hendricks
Castalia, Ohio

Donald R. Hoag
18 West Ave.
Elyria, Ohio

Richard E. Hughlett
605 Harlem Lane
Catonsville, Maryland

Edwin J. Hunt
1815 Riverside Drive
New York, New York

Kenneth L. Jacks
2160 Gilbert Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Paul C. Jewell
R. R. 1
Greenwich, Ohio

Cecil A. Knight
R. F. D. No. 1
Drakesboro, Kentucky

Odell F. Mayo
Llagle, W. Virginia
Williard S. MacBride
680 Washington Ave.
West Haven, Connecticut

Cledith A. McNamara
319 N. Jackson St.
Lima, Ohio

Nevin V. Mehlo
365 S. Schenley Ave.
Youngstown, Ohio

Lawrence M. Miller
8 East Logan
Brazil, Indiana

John J. Mosgrove
R. R. 2
Lima, Ohio

Edward J. Morehead
3121 Reading Rd.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Joseph F. Payne
R. R. 4
Martinsburg, W. Virginia

Erland Niskanen
14896 Cloverlawn Ave.
Detroit, Michigan

Larry Ricketts
721 16th St.
Oakland, California

Paul M. Roudebush
1008 S. 13th
Noblesville, Indiana

Gerardo Mazzola
2 Diten St.
Boston, Massachusetts

Raymond O. Smallwood
26 Main St.
Hamilton, Ohio

Richard E. Spetka
357 Bowman St.
Mansfield, Ohio

Lloyd D. Strauch
1142 West State St.
Freemond, Ohio

William E. Strong
R. R. 5
Lockland, Ohio

J. C. Taylor
Fordsville, Kentucky

Armen Thoumain Jr.
3614 Keene Ave.
Baltimore, Maryland

Thomas A. Torch
7 S. 2nd St.
Dennison, Ohio

George L. Varner
5315 Lorain Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio

Robert F. Wehrley
504 S. Crawford
Troy, Ohio

Carl P. Wells
242 Lee Street
Toledo, Ohio

Perry D. Whitesell
R. R. 1
Grovertown, Indiana

Robert E. Wilkin
1504 Melasia Rd.
Akron, Ohio

Wilbert J. Wilson
719 West M St.
Louisville, Kentucky

John J. Wood
315 Kloter Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Charles Barker
Tolona, Illinois
Lt. Reed Hubbell
Lima, Ohio

Lt. William Stechmiller
804 S. 15th St.
Maywood, Illinois

Arnold J. Yuza
1426 2nd St.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

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128th ORD. MED. MAINT. CO. CAMP CAMPBELL. KY. 11-24-43 Original photo is 34x10

128th Ordnance Medium Maintenance Company

5th Row [Top]: T/Sgt Johnstone, [John E]; T/3 Graff, [Bernard]; Oaley [Ooley, Elza H]; Shannon, Bill [William J] - Brooklyn ; Yaya [Yuza, Arnold J] ; Bluman, John - Canton, O ; Krause, Geo [George H] - Canton; Combs, James A - Canton; Gibbons, [David]; Jewell, [Paul C (or P?)]; Morton, [Earl F]; Baker, Ch [Clarence A? or Barker, Charles?]; Trinkle, [Glen]; Pulley, [Jesse L R]; Smith [Curtiss F or Calvin, or Doyle M or Paul A?] S/Sgt Nickels Geo [Nichols, George J]; Skirvin [Ralph C]; Baker, [Clarence A or Richard W]; Baker, Paul N; Blem, Dewey K; Holden [Holder, Roy W]; Hertz [Ralph jr]; [Sgt] Harris, Charles L; Barham, Wilford R (Jack); Beran, Aaron J - Cinn; Kirstine [Kirstein, Robert D]; Baker [Clarence A or Richard W] ; T/3 Boos, Bernard L

4th Row [from bottom]: M/Sgt Morris, [John R]; Metz, [Clarence H]; Soukup, [Richard H]; Neff, [Herbert M]; Harrell, [Clifton M]; Griffin, Orby H-Paducah; Zekanis, [Anthony]; **Forgatch, Lewis**; Keiber, William J- Cinn, Ohio; Baker, Robert F; Rothermal, Fred J; Vahary, [James V]; Korbar [Koerber, Leo ?]; Carlue, Dave [David H]; Page, Herbert S; Warner, Glenn [W]; Boyer, [Andrew]; S/Sgt Hecklinger, Don G - Toledo; T/Sgt Davies, William D; Atkins [Adkins, Charles R?]; Myers, Ralph; Miller, Russ [Russell E]; Hussey, Paul E; Knight, Cecil A; Auxer [Auxier, Garnet A?]; Acord [Luther D]; Mance [Edward J]; S/Sgt Sheldon, [Carroll E]

3rd Row [from bottom]: S/Sgt Black, [Edward R]; T/S Rabitin [Rabatin, Robert S]; Eilerman [Paul A]; Harris, [Kenneth?]; Richards, [Daniel A]; Hume, [Rosswell S]; Krispinsky, [George M]; Ritzert, [George M]; Cooper, [Dale D]; McNamare [McNamara, Joseph ?]; Fry, [John E]; Newgent, [Robert D]; Ryan [Patrick]; Van Dyke, [Giles E]; C Mitchell [Mitchell, Charles R]; Skowron, [Walter F]; S/Sgt Papson, [George M]; Manis [Jesse J]; Cramer [Harry E]; Luckett, [Archie L]; Rue, [Lawrence C]; Koser [Kosir, Joseph C]; Hartsock, [Raymond E]; Sweeney [Emanuel E (Zeke)]; Krick, [Frank A jr]; Williams, [Joyce E]

2nd Row [from bottom]: Sgt Dildine [Harry]; S/Sgt Stuessel, [Rueben H]; T/4 Gentile [Dominic A]; T/4 McCorkle, [Max E]; Pate, [Melvin]; Willits [Jonathan E]; Doane [Harry]; Schmidt [Clarence J]; McAllister, [James E]; Bowers [Charles W]; Mitchell [Henry/Hank]; Hobbs, [Charles N]; MacBride, [Williard S]; McNamara, [Cledith A]; Brehm, Edwin-Cinn, Ohio; **Reardon {Vincent}**; Clark, Robert - Cinn, Ohio; Feezor, [William E]; S/Sgt Johnston, Andy; Halfhill, [Charles T]; Bordenkitcher [Bordenkircher, Richard E]; Rusk, [Russell B] ; Abell, [Bobby A]; Bukoski, [George M]; Suhhadolnik [William]; T/4 Fix [Dwayne]; Tech/Sgt Theriac , [Elias J (Ted)]

1st Row [bottom]: T/S Sikeritzky, [Alexander M]; Tech/Sgt Sabol, [Joseph J]; Haven, [Sheldon E]; Kennedy, [Joseph L]; Beard, [Adin L]; Burnstein [Burnstein, Sanford? [(L.A., CA?)]; Martin [Joseph G]; Sheats, ? ; 1st/Sgt Rush, [Warren H]; W.O.J.G Bridges [William T]; 2nd Lt. Urick [Urich, Herbert B]; Capt. Lien, [George E]; 2nd Lt Dahlin, [Victor D]; 2nd Lt Hubbell, [Reed]; Wehrley, [Robert F (or L?)]; Sidor, [Walter R]; Mazzola, [Gerardo]; Goins, [William H]; Steig [Stieg, Frederick J?]; Pacholski, [Eugene J]; Reinshell, [Frank jr]; Shumaker, [Lloyd R]; Sharkey, [Eugene R]; Pressnall [Lewis F]; Savill, [Larson N]